

# MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE.

MARCH, 1899.

## VALDA HÂNEM.

(THE ROMANCE OF A TURKISH HARÏM.)

### CHAPTER IV.

IT was four o'clock in the afternoon, and the south wing of the palace, which contained the Pâsha's private suite of rooms, was deserted. His Excellency was out, and Valda was still with her mother on the other side. The Circassians were busy with preparations for an approaching wedding, and they too had gathered together on the other side, to take counsel about the new silk dresses that they were making for themselves. Margaret was the only person left in the whole long suite of wide, empty rooms. Ayôosha had dressed the little Djemâl-ed-Din, who had awakened from a long sleep, flushed, rosy, and rather cross, and she was now hurrying through the garden, carrying him in her arms, while her voice came up through the open windows calling to Margaret to follow quickly.

"*Châbuk*, (quick) Mademoiselle, *châbuk*!" she cried, but Margaret lingered a moment longer. Sacêda Kâlfâ, Valda's own especial slave, had brought her a delicate pink turban, the work of Valda's own hands, and with deft manipulations and the aid of many pins, had transformed her in a few minutes into a Turkish lady.

"*Guzâil*, Marmozelle, *pek guzâil*! (pretty—very pretty)," the girl said

with laughing admiration, and then she had picked up the cloak and veil laid out for Valda, and had taken them across to the other side.

Margaret stood for a moment before one of the long mirrors in Valda's sitting-room, and surveyed herself with a smile. The long cloak of rich black silk that covered her dress down to her feet was a French and entirely modern garment, but above it, filling in the heart-shaped opening in which the cloak was cut in front, and descending from her turban over her forehead, was an arrangement of clear white muslin, which, though exceedingly simple, had an astonishingly becoming and picturesque effect. Her eyes looked out between the two veils, and she laughed at herself in such strange guise. Then she picked up her gloves in a hurry, and flying through the empty rooms, almost ran against the Pâsha in the corridor. He was coming out of the *selâmlek*, and he stopped short in surprise as he found himself face to face with a veiled lady who was not his wife.

"*Dêstur*," he exclaimed hastily, and then as the lady neither screamed nor ran away, recognition and amusement flashed suddenly into his eyes. "Mademoiselle, it is you!" he said in astonishment. "I did not know you in the least. You are going out in that costume?"

"Yes, for a drive with Madame. She thought you would be out this afternoon, and would not want to read English; but if you do, Pâsha——"

"Not at all; I am going out, but I had to attend an audience of the Khedive first, and now I have come back to change into cooler clothes. Go by all means, and may you enjoy yourself; you have the air of a person bent upon some great dissipation."

He stood for a moment, barring her way to the staircase, and looking at her with a half smile in his melancholy blue eyes. He was a short man, and he was not without that inclination to stoutness which assails so many of his nation as they approach the prime of life; but he was nevertheless a great Turk, and he had the distinction of manner noticeable in most of the great men of all nations. He was usually dressed rather carelessly in light grey summer clothes that were the handiwork of English tailors, but this afternoon he had just come from a levée at the Abdin Palace, and he was wearing the splendid uniform of a Turkish general, faced with crimson and gold, and covered with decorations. As he stood there, stiff and straight and soldierly, with his sword by his side and the stars on his breast, and a smile in his blue eyes, Margaret was struck by his appearance, and a sudden wonder and regret came over her. He was considerably over forty, and his moustache was gray, but he was still a handsome man, and a gallant soldier that any wife might have been proud of. How was it that Valda——

"Do you know, Mademoiselle," said the Pâsha suddenly, "that costume suits you remarkably well? You make an enchanting Turkish lady."

He had been studying her appearance while she waited for him to move out of her way, but Margaret

had been too deep in her own reflections to be aware of it, and she was unprepared for the compliment. The colour deepened on her cheeks beneath the transparent muslin, and her gray eyes, that were her prettiest point, looked up from under their straight, delicately drawn brows with an expression half startled, half pleased. For once she did look pretty, and the Pâsha was perfectly sincere in his admiration. "Most charming," he repeated, smiling at the confusion which left her without a reply. "*Adieu, Mademoiselle, bon amusement!*" And with the courtly bow which he had acquired during his long residence as a young man in a foreign country, he passed on.

Margaret, flying quickly down the stairs and across the garden, presented herself on the other side with roses in her cheeks that were a sufficient justification of her refusal to let Sacêda put any rouge on. She found Valda robing herself in a great hurry in the little dark chamber of one of the servants in the basement of the palace.

"Oh here you are, Mademoiselle——how nice you look! Really the *yâshmâk* is most becoming to you. It almost reconciles me to wearing it to see you in it. Imagine, that tiresome Hamîda Hânem has only just gone, and a whole set of ladies have arrived. I only escaped with the greatest difficulty, and we must go out by the back way to avoid being seen."

The little side-door, which opened out of the Nubian's den into the shade of the orange and pomegranate trees of the outer garden, was admirably adapted for surreptitious exits and entrances, and they passed out unseen between the close shrubberies. In a wide courtyard at the back of the palace a closed carriage with two splendid black horses was waiting, and an Arab coachman in a richly embroidered crimson livery sat on the

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box. Manetîna, the huge Soudanese who always attended the ladies in their excursions abroad, lifted in the little Djemâl-ed-Din, and placed him on Margaret's knee, and then he took his place by the coachman, and the carriage dashed out under the archway along the road that led in the direction of the Kasr-il-Nil Bridge.

Valda was in high spirits at having made good her escape, and drawing down the blinds of the windows a little way, so that she could look out without being too much seen, she threw herself back into a corner of the carriage.

"I hope you don't mind having Djemâl on your knee, Mademoiselle?" she asked anxiously. "If you find him heavy, you must hand him over to me."

But Margaret was getting very fond of the little Djemâl, and it was so rarely that he would consent to sit on her knee, that she felt it something of a treat to have him. She pressed a kiss upon his golden curls, and watched with a sense of pride and pleasure the looks of interest and admiration that he attracted from the passers-by. Dressed in a pale pink pelisse that set off his creamy skin and great brown eyes, he was indeed a fine little fellow, and he carried himself with a dignity well befitting his diamonds. Ayôosha had persuaded him to relinquish most of his decorations before he went to sleep, but from one large diamond star, the very beautiful one that his mother had given him first, he had obstinately refused to be parted. He seemed to have set his affections on that star, and he had insisted upon having it pinned on to the front of his best frock. It glittered now on his left breast, and the beautiful baby face looked out above it, surveying with serious gravity the strange world of the crowded streets.

"Djemâl is always good when he is taken out driving," said his mother, "but he is not amusing. He looks at everything, and he never speaks a word. I want to know what he is thinking about, but it is no use asking him; he will not answer a word. Look, Beyjim, there are the English soldiers that you are so fond of!"

They were passing the great court of the Kasr-il-Nil barracks, where a company of English soldiers in khaki uniform were going through their drill. Djemâl-ed-Din watched them with rapt attention, a world of thought in the deep wells of his eyes, and Margaret knew that as soon as he got home he would call together a band of the slaves, and marshal them about in exact imitation of the movements that he now witnessed; but he did not utter a word.

The carriage rolled swiftly on, past the windows of the many-storied square building, where the men of the North Staffordshire Regiment might be seen staring out, in various stages of undress, upon the crowd below; then on to the bridge across the Nile, with its endless stream of humanity of every race and type for ever crossing and recrossing. The *syces* ran in front to clear the way, for the bridge that afternoon was a scene of pandemonium. Besides the press of Arabs, Negroes, and Europeans of all nations that overflowed from the side walks, and the throng of carriages and donkeys and bicycles in the road, a long string of camels was coming in from the desert to supply the Government for a coming campaign; and the wild-looking Bedouins, who were perched on their backs, came on in calm impassive dignity, making all the world give way before them.

The air was full of the rumours of war; but that only seemed to quicken the full pulses of social life

in Cairo, and the stream of fashionable equipages in the park on the further bank of the Nile had never been fuller. Smartly-dressed English ladies whose fair complexions looked all the fairer from the contrast with the dark faces around them; French and Italian beauties, less fair but more marvellously attired; stout Pâshas on ambling ponies, and slight Egyptian princes driving high dog-carts—the whole world of Cairo, high and low, was abroad that afternoon in the wide drive under the spreading acacias; and the bare-legged outrunners in their flowing white draperies and embroidered jackets, flew on in front, calling general attention to the approach of rank and fashion.

Between the graceful stems of a grove of palms that fringed the bank of the Nile was a beautiful view of the city on the other side of the river, its white palaces, mosques, and minarets shining along the water's edge, and the Citadel, crowned with the great dome and slender minarets of the mosque of Mohâmmad Ali, standing out against the rosy heights of the Mocattam hills. It was all steeped in the intense golden light of the setting sun, and the exquisite effect of colour was something never to be forgotten. Margaret had never seen this view before, and she would have wanted to look at nothing else; but Valda was more interested in the carriages that were dashing past, and her conversation was all about the people in them.

"Yes, it is a beautiful view," she said; "but if one looks on that side, one misses all the carriages that meet us, and I want to see who is here. It is Friday, luckily, and Fridays and Sundays are the best days—we shall see all the world. Ah! there is the Comtesse C. all in white, with a figure like a girl of eighteen, and she

is certainly a long way over sixty,—really these English ladies are wonderful!"

"Is she English?" asked Margaret.

"Oh yes, she is English; she has married a Frenchman, but she is English herself, like most of the great ladies here. They say she goes to Paris twice a year for her complexion, and it seems to be worth while; she gets a good effect from a little distance. She comes to see me sometimes, but I think it is more for my husband's sake than mine. She is quite devoted to him, but he does not admire her artificial charms, and he is not particularly grateful."

"That is a compliment to you that you ought to appreciate," remarked Margaret.

"Oh, I don't know, I don't think I should very much mind—ah, look, look quick, Mademoiselle! That thin, dark young man in the high dog-cart, did you observe him? That is Prince G."

"And the pretty fashionable woman with him, is she the Princess?"

"Oh dear no, he is not married. And she,—but surely you have heard about Mrs. X.? It is a scandal that everybody knows; but of course this is your first winter here, and you have not had time to hear about anything yet."

It was little indeed that Margaret knew about Cairo scandals, but she heard plenty in the next half-hour. Valda seemed to know all the notorieties of the town, and she recounted their histories and discussed the skeletons in their cupboards with a mastery of the subject and a knowledge of details that amazed the English girl. "How do you know all this, Hânem?" she asked. "Where can you possibly hear all these stories?"

"Oh, we know all that goes on," Valda answered smiling; "we are not

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quite so ignorant as these European ladies imagine. They amuse me so much when they come to call, and talk to us as if we were like little children. And all the time, we know all about them, and all about the husbands' little comedies,—things that they do not even guess at."

Margaret was silent. She did not think that such discourse was at all edifying; but knowing that she would do no good by expressing her opinion, she changed the subject by pointing out a very smart brougham with a spirited pair of greys that was coming up.

"Oh, that is Mûrad Ali Pasha's carriage," said Valda. "Hamida told me that she meant to take a turn round. Yes, there she is, and the old Anâna with her."

A vision of smiling eyes and delicate colours under white muslin veils flashed past, and Valda leaned forward a little to give a bow of recognition; but the next moment she threw herself back into her corner with an exclamation of displeasure and indignation.

"That impertinent man! Did you see? That man on the grey horse—he reined back so as to look right into the carriage,—as if we were wild beasts, curiosities to be stared at!"

Margaret had noticed before this that many curious eyes had been bent upon their equipage, and that Djemâled-Din with his diamonds was not the sole object of attraction. Cairo was crowded during the season with visitors who were anxious to see all that was strange and foreign, and the sight of a Pâsha's carriage with a glimpse of white head-dresses and dark eyes inside, which was the only possibility of seeing anything of a *harâm*, was a temptation not to be resisted. Valda had been sitting so carefully back in her corner that it was not easy to catch even a passing

glimpse of her face, and Margaret had been rather amused as she noticed the eager glances directed at her, to think that so many people were taking the trouble to turn their heads round under the delusion that they were gazing at an Oriental beauty. She had noticed the man whose attention had offended Valda, and she had been struck by his appearance. He was riding a powerful grey horse on the path under the trees on Valda's side of the road, and there had been something very marked about his action, but he did not look as if he belonged to the irresponsible company of tourists.

"Do you know, Hânem, I really don't think that he meant to be impertinent," Margaret said. "It was only that he happened to catch sight of you as you looked out to bow to Hamida Hânem, and he was taken by surprise. He looked like a person who had seen a vision."

"How absurd!" said Valda incredulously; but she suffered herself to be pacified by the explanation, and, as she thought over it, a dimple of amusement became visible through the thin muslin that veiled her cheek. They had by this time passed the grounds of the Ghesireh Palace, which was the goal of a great many of the fashionable equipages, and when they reached the further side of the circling avenue the road became emptier. The hour was growing late, and the carriages were beginning to stream back over the Kasr-il-Nil bridge. There were fewer celebrities to observe now, and Valda's interest in those that there were seemed to have suffered eclipse.

"He was in the Khedivial uniform, but he was an Englishman, and he was remarkably handsome, wasn't he?" she observed suddenly, after a long silence. "Tall, with blue eyes, and a fair moustache, and such a

distinguished look about him, he must have been an Englishman."

"Who? Oh, that man on the grey horse!" said Margaret whose thoughts had wandered from the subject. "Was he? I don't know. I did not notice his features very particularly, but I thought he looked like a gentleman. I suppose he was an Englishman."

"Oh yes, my dear, an Englishman and of the best class; there are not too many of that kind," said Valda, and she looked out rather wistfully across the enclosure which was fast being deserted. "The carriages are all returning, and if we go back now we might drive to Esbekiah with the others before we go home. Would you like to turn back, Mademoiselle? It seems hardly worth while going the whole round of the park now that it is deserted, does it?"

Margaret had no choice in the matter, and she would readily have acceded to the proposition; but the little autocrat upon her knee had views of his own about it, and he had to be reckoned with. He had not opened his mouth once hitherto, but now he made himself heard very distinctly.

"*Káchuk Ana*, we have got to get out and walk under the trees before we go home," he said seriously.

Valda clasped her hands with a gesture of dismay. "*Oh, mon Dieu!* He came with us last time when I brought my mother, that she might have a little exercise, and he remembers!" she explained. "But, Djemâljim, that was in the morning when there was no one there; we are not going to get out to-day."

"We must get out," said Djemâled-Din decisively, and he pointed his tiny finger at the path under the trees.

"Not to-day, Djemâled-Din; haven't you heard your mother say so?" said Margaret firmly. "Now we

are going to drive into the town, and you will see the lights and the soldiers and all sorts of things that you like."

Djemâled-Din was beginning to recognise the decisiveness of Margaret's decrees, and perhaps if he had been alone with her, he might have yielded the point without much ado; but in the presence of his mother he knew his power, and he remained inexorable. Valda saw that he was preparing to howl, and she gave in ignominiously. "We must get out for a few moments," she said, turning to Margaret. "It will be better than to have him yelling all over the course the whole way back. I don't like doing it in the afternoon, but luckily there are not any people about now. We will get out here in this quiet place."

She pulled the check-string as she spoke, and the carriage drew up under the trees by the side of the road.

## CHAPTER V.

THE sunset lights were deepening every moment into intenser glories; but the rapid Egyptian twilight was beginning to creep over the eastern sky, and under the shade of the giant acacias, which interlaced their branches overhead, the road was already growing dusk. The two ladies, in white head-dresses and long black cloaks, left their carriage drawn up on the grass in the shade, and with the slave in attendance, walked along a narrow footpath that ran along the edge of the raised causeway. The little Bey clung to his mother's hand, and as the negro was with them, and she knew that the child would have nothing to say to her while he could have his mother, Margaret lingered to look at the sharp outlines of the two great pyramids which stood out in splendid simplicity against the sunset sky. Below the dyke on

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which she stood were fields of clover and springing corn stretching, like a plain of living emerald, across the valley to the foot of the low line of purple hills that shut them in from the limitless desert. The sharp peaks of the pyramids on the horizon were changing from blue to violet, and, as she looked at them, Margaret was held by the spell of the illimitable antiquity that makes Egypt such a strange land of enchantment.

A blue mist, rising up from the valley, added a still more magical effect to the loveliness of the evening, but it brought with it a sudden chill that made itself felt in the atmosphere, and Valda, who knew by experience how serious were the risks of a chill at such a time, became uneasy about Djemâl-ed-Din, and regretted having brought him out without a wrap. She despatched the attendant to summon the carriage, which was some distance behind, and took the boy by the hand to lead him back to meet it.

"Come Effën', we have left Mademoiselle behind," she said. "Let us walk back towards her until the carriage comes."

But Djemâl-ed-Din, who had not had enough of freedom yet, was in a perverse mood. He looked back in the direction in which they had been walking, and saw a party of horsemen coming round the bend of the avenue, one rider mounted on a high-stepping grey horse a little in front of the rest.

"Soldiers, *kûchuk Ana!*" he exclaimed eagerly. "I want to see the soldiers go by," and wrenching his hand from his mother's clasp, he ran a few steps away from her towards the other side of the road.

Margaret, who was only a few yards away, turned round at the sound of galloping hoofs, and uttered a cry of alarm as she saw Djemâl-ed-

Din in the middle of the road. She flew to help Valda, but the cavalcade was already upon them, and there was nothing that would stop them. The foremost rider, arrested by the evident alarm and distress of the two ladies, had indeed reined his horse sharply in upon his haunches, but those who came behind him were of another class. They were a party of English tourists returning from the pyramids in wild spirits, riding recklessly, filling the air with shouts and laughter, their hats on the backs of their heads, and their puggarees streaming in the wind, just as Valda had described them. She might well dislike them. They saw the Turkish lady rushing across the road to get to her child, but they made no attempt to check their headlong course, and flew past, laughing rudely, and bespattering her with mud.

When Margaret came up, they had gone past, and Valda stood half fainting on the further side of the causeway. Djemâl-ed-Din, however, was safe. The tall Englishman, who had been riding alone in front, had dismounted in time to catch him up in the very middle of the cloud of dust and the confusion of galloping hoofs; and leading his horse by the bridle-rein, he now came towards Valda, holding the child in his arms.

"Permit me, Madame," he said in French, "to apologise for rudeness which makes me blush for my countrymen."

Valda recognised the officer in Khedivial uniform whose notice had annoyed her a short time before, and she saw too that he had recognised her, but she had not a word to say. She merely held out her arms for her child. They stood for a moment so, for Djemâl-ed-Din showed no particular anxiety to leave his place of shelter. He was a strange child, and singularly courageous for his age. It

was partly perhaps from the intense pride which was such an unchildlike characteristic in him that he seemed unable to imagine the possibility of any harm befalling him; perhaps he felt himself a person of too great importance; at any rate, baby though he was, he did not seem to know what fear meant, and his beautiful little face, undisturbed by alarm, was turned towards the handsome countenance of his protector with an expression of serious consideration in which appreciation and approval were plainly manifest.

Valda held out her arms for her child, forgetting in her agitation to cover her face, as at another time she would have done; and the English officer looked on a loveliness that went beyond his wildest dreams. The folds of the *yâshmâk* were still round her brow, but the light pierced through it, and the rest of the veil had slipped from its place in her hasty rush across the road. Her wonderful hair escaped in little unmanageable curls from the confining muslin, and gleamed like threads of living gold in the deep orange light of the afterglow, while her great brown eyes shone like stars out of the fair half-veiled face.

The English stranger looked, and tried to disengage the little clinging arms round his neck; but he could not speak, and it was Margaret who broke the too expressive silence.

"Thank you, thank you a thousand times!" she said hurriedly. "We can never thank you enough for saving the child,—but oh, for Heaven's sake do not linger here. Djemâl-ed-Din, let the gentleman go this moment,—look, here is Manetinna coming, and there is the carriage."

She spoke in English, and the Englishman started and threw a glance of astonishment at the speaker whose accents contradicted her dress so strangely and unexpectedly; but

the urgency of her appeal recalled him to the situation, and forcibly unloosing Djemâl-ed-Din's clutching little fingers, he restored him to his mother's arms. He gave one more look into Valda's beautiful agitated face, then, with a silent bow, he turned away, and, springing into his saddle, galloped off.

The negro, who had seen the concluding scene of the little drama, but not what had led up to it, came rushing to the rescue with black rage and dismay painted upon his ugly countenance. He was a grotesque-looking creature even for a Soudanese, for the characteristics of his race were all exaggerated in him. His protruding lips were thicker, his flat little nose was more spreading, and his bumpy forehead was more baby-like than one often sees even in Africans, while in colour he was the deepest, sootiest black. His animal cast of countenance usually wore an expression of sleepy good-nature and heavy self-satisfaction; but now it was disfigured into the likeness of a demon, and the whites of his eyes rolled horribly, as he hurled curses upon the father, the grand-father, and all the ancestors of the infidel intruder.

He would not listen to Margaret's attempt at an explanation, but turning to his mistress, desired her roughly to get into the carriage. Valda had been standing as if in a dream, with the little boy in her arms, looking straight before her with a dazed look in her eyes, but the menace in the negro's tone seemed to bring her to herself. Telling Margaret to get in, she handed Djemâl-ed-Din to her, and then turned with lightning in her eyes upon the black lout who was holding open the carriage door.

"Dog!" she said, "Worse than dog that you are,—pig! Why were you not in the way to save your master's child when he was in danger

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of being run over by the horses of the infidels! You did not see it, did you? No! you and Abdûllah, idle dogs both of you, come dawdling up behind, and leave the charge of guarding your mistress to a chance stranger. What will the Pâsha say to that when he hears it, do you think? You allow a strange man to look on the face of your master's wife, and think to carry it off by scolding and cursing,—but it shall not serve you. The Pâsha shall hear the truth from me and from Mademoiselle, and he will believe us; he knows that Mademoiselle never tells a lie."

The countenance of the negro had changed completely during this speech, and his fury suddenly gave place to abject terror. He had not been really to blame, for he had only done the bidding of his mistress in going to fetch the carriage; but he knew that it would be upon the facts and not upon his intentions that he would be judged, and that no excuses would avail to exonerate him. The Pâsha would believe the united testimony of his wife and the English Mademoiselle, and the whole blame would fall upon him. As he realised the potency of Valda's threat, he flung himself upon the ground, and catching up the hem of her dress, he pressed it to his lips with a passionate appeal for pardon. "Oh day of mud, obscuring fifty days of sun!—oh my broken heart, my miserable head,—I lay it in the dust at your feet? Only pardon me, Effenden! Have mercy upon me, and do not ruin me with the Pâsha!"

"Go and take your place upon the box, and see that you behave better in future," said Valda disdainfully. "For this once I will spare you,—but mind, it is only on condition that you keep silence yourself. You and Abdûllah too, see that you never breathe a word of this matter to a

human soul; it will be better for both of you!"

The negro was effectually cowed, and Valda took her place in the carriage, secure in the certainty that neither he nor the coachman would give any further trouble in the matter; but Margaret, who understood enough Turkish to be able to gather what was the drift of the colloquy, had listened to it with astonishment and misgiving.

"Hânem," she said earnestly, as the horses dashed off, and they sped through the darkening avenues, "you surely do not intend to keep this incident a secret from the Pâsha? You have done nothing wrong; why should you not tell him the whole story of it? He cannot blame you."

"He would blame somebody, my dear; if not me, then you,—if not you, then Manetinna,—or perhaps even Djemâl-ed-Din! Djemâl was certainly naughty, and his father would be angry with him for causing the calamity; he might even whip him. No! the Pâsha must never hear of this affair."

"But supposing he *should* hear of it, supposing that, by some accident that you do not foresee, the knowledge of it should come to his ears, and he found that you had concealed it, how much worse, how infinitely more serious that would be! What might he not think, what might he not suspect? I entreat of you, Valda, let us tell him the whole matter straightforwardly, exactly as it occurred, and face at once any disagreeable consequences that may be involved. The Pâsha is a reasonable being, and he is a most affectionate father; he will never do anything that can do the least harm to Djemâl-ed-Din——"

"Ah Mademoiselle, you do not know what you are saying! It is not only Djemâl,—it is you and me, and Manetinna and Abdûllah, and that

English gentleman. You do not know what it is to a Turk to have his wife stared at by a stranger. It is an insult and an injury,—it is a calamity—and I do not know *what* the Pâsha might not do. He might seek out that officer, he would certainly never be happy in his mind so long as he thought that he remained in Cairo, and he would set a watch upon all my movements. He might prevent you from ever going out again with me; he would suspect all sorts of things. Oh no, no, no! It is out of the question that the Pâsha should be told."

Valda spoke with the decision of one used to command, and most girls in Margaret's position would have given in without further argument; but Margaret came of a fighting and commanding stock herself, and her gray eyes lightened into opposition.

"It does not matter what he does, so long as you can feel that you are in the right," she said resolutely, "Don't you see that by telling him, you disarm suspicion at once, and make him see the matter as it really happened without any fault of yours? Whereas if any inkling of it reaches him in any other way—good Heavens, Valda, can you bear to think that you have got a secret from the Pâsha, a secret that is known to Manetinna and Abdûllah? Can you endure to feel that you are in the power of those two low creatures——"

"I shall not be in their power; it is they who will be in mine," said Valda. "Do not be afraid; I hold them in the hollow of my hand, and there is no fear of their saying anything. They know that it would be their word against yours and mine, that it is we who have most influence with the Pâsha. Thanks be to God, he trusts us more than them, and they know it. You may make your mind quite easy, Mademoiselle."

"My mind can never be easy with

a secret upon it," said Margaret; "and this is such a harmless matter. Why need you make a secret of it? The Pâsha is a sensible man, and he would see how it was. It seems to me that you are making a mountain out of a molehill. After all it is such a trifle——"

"A trifle!" Valda ejaculated with a little laugh. "Ah Mademoiselle, you say that because you do not know our ways; that shows that you do not know what you are saying. The Pâsha wouldn't think it a trifle, I can assure you of that."

"Well," said Margaret uncomplainingly, "it seems a trifle to me, and I think it is foolish to risk being dragged into any deceit on account of it. If the Pâsha asks me anything about it, I shall tell him everything. You said to Manetinna just now that I never told a lie to the Pâsha, and it was true. I am not going to begin now."

Valda turned suddenly round upon her companion with a haughty bend of her neck, and for the first time since she had been with her, Margaret saw the beautiful eyes bent upon her in scorn and anger.

"Have I asked you to tell a lie? Have I asked you to do anything but to mind your own business and to leave me to manage mine?" she said proudly; but as she met Margaret's eyes which were full of pain, she broke down suddenly, and her eyes filled with tears. "Oh, Mademoiselle," she cried, clasping the hand that was holding little Djemâl-ed-Din, "you are my friend, you are the one person whom I trust! Do not be the one to turn against me! You do not know what trouble you will bring upon me if you do."

Margaret could not help being softened by this appeal, and as she saw that her remonstrances were futile, she desisted from further argu-

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ment. "I could never turn against you, Hânem," she said gently; "you know that I care for you too much. I was only advising you to do what seemed to me the best and wisest thing, but of course if you are determined against it, I can say nothing."

"You need say nothing, dear. The Pâsha will ask no questions, and he will never know; no one will ever know, and we shall have no trouble. Simply keep silence,—that is so easy, and that is all I ask. Believe me it is better so; our ways are not your ways."

They were not indeed. Margaret had discovered that very soon; and she had found it not a little difficult to pursue a straight course amidst the crooked ways of her surroundings. From the most insignificant little negro up to the Hânem Effendi herself, every person in the palace was full of plots and plans and intrigues,—very harmless intrigues generally, but still intrigues. The slaves knew that the little coffee-parties that they held among themselves when their mistresses were safely out of the way were no harm, but they preferred to have them secretly rather than ask permission: the ladies preferred to wink at these proceedings rather than countenance them by recognition; and everybody all round was ready to wink at everybody else's peccadilloes on the tacit understanding that a free margin should be allowed for their own vagaries. Of course every now and then some accident would occur. Djemâl-ed-Din would fall down and hurt himself through the negligence of one of the younger slaves, in whose charge he had been left while his nurse was feasting with the other slaves; or there would be none left of some particular delicacy that Hânem Effendi fancied for supper, because the other ladies had been going all day to the cupboard to regale themselves upon

it—and then the whole thing would come out, and a commotion would ensue. The aggrieved person would scold and threaten and storm, and there would be trouble in the *harim*,—everybody incriminated turning upon everybody else, trying to shift the blame or to pay off old scores; and then there would be strict rules laid down, which were to be as the laws of the Medes and Persians. These would be enforced for a few days, everybody, from Valda herself to the impish negro boy, suffering under the discomfort and inconvenience of them; and then, as the remembrance of the uproar subsided, the rules would be relaxed, and everything would go on smoothly and mysteriously as before.

These little peculiarities of the Turkish character, it may be remarked in passing, are not confined to the privacy of the *harim* alone, and they may account for much that is baffling in the politics of the Ottoman Empire: but to a person like Margaret, who was moderate in her desires and fearless of rebuke, it was perfectly incomprehensible. If she wanted anything, it was her habit to ask for it; and if there was any reason against asking for it, she either did without it, or counted the cost and did the thing openly, taking care to mention the fact to the authorities afterwards. Such extraordinary simplicity as this was a puzzle and a mystery to the Oriental mind, and at first everybody thought that it must be intended to conceal some particularly deep-laid policy; but by degrees it became evident that the English Mademoiselle had no ulterior designs, and they learned to set it down as an outlandish idiosyncrasy. English people were like that, they supposed; and though it was highly inconvenient sometimes to have to do with a person who had no little secret weaknesses to give anybody a hold over her, there

were advantages in such a character which became very apparent to the heads of the household as they learned to know her better.

Margaret had leisure to reflect over the strange conditions of the life in which she had to play a part, for Valda was not inclined to talk during the homeward drive. As the carriage dashed through the lighted streets of the town, she leaned back in her corner in absolute silence, and the only remark that she made was when they passed under the archway into the palace gardens, and were at home again.

"*Un vrai gentilhomme Anglais,—il n'y a pas de plus comme il faut!*" she said half to herself, and then turning quickly to Margaret, "Did you not remark it, Mademoiselle? Ah *mon Dieu*, yes. You must have remarked it this time. He had the air of a prince,—he was so handsome and distinguished,—do you not think so?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Margaret, who noticed with some disquietude the flush upon Valda's cheek that made her look so beautiful. "He was good-looking certainly, but that goes for nothing in England. You find handsome men in every class and every profession, even pork-butchers——"

"Oh, pork-butchers! Allah, Allah, Allah! That is too horrible a suggestion, Mademoiselle. How unsympathetic you are! You silence sentiment with your allusions to such atrocities. My poor little Djemâl, am I to conclude that it is a pork-butcher who has rescued you? No, no!"

Margaret laughed, not sorry for the diversion. It was her desire to silence sentiment, and she hoped that she might never hear of this matter any more. The incident was at an end, and there was no possible link

by which Valda's interest in it could be continued. Margaret told herself that there was nothing to be afraid of, and that she might safely dismiss the vague sense of uneasiness that haunted her; still it did haunt her, and it was not lessened by a discovery made when Djemâl-ed-Din was being undressed. Ayôosha had carried him across to his mother's rooms, and as she divested him of his little pelisse, she pointed out that the diamond star was missing. Had the Hânem Effendi taken it off for safety? Margaret stood dismayed, and even Valda turned a little pale.

"No, I have not got it, and that star is the largest and most beautiful that I have," she said with a little gasp. "Surely he cannot have lost it!"

"It may have come off in the carriage, it will probably be found on the floor or on the seat," Margaret said; but Djemâl-ed-Din negatived this suggestion very decidedly. "No, Mademoiselle, it is not there—*yok, yok* (it isn't—it isn't)!" he said shaking his head with the confidence of absolute certainty.

Ayôosha had been standing by, wringing her hands and lamenting loudly after the fashion of the slaves, with her mobile features contorted until they were like an agonised gargoyle; but at the little Bey's interposition, she checked herself suddenly. "It is not in the carriage; where is it then, Beyjim?" she asked persuasively.

The child turned his great eyes upon her, and pursed up his lips with an air that seemed to say that he could reveal a good deal if he chose, but was not inclined to do so. He did not answer her, and Ayôosha lost patience with him. "You very naughty bad child!" she cried with one of the sudden changes of mood that she was given to. "*Pek fennah*

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*hâjuk* (very bad child), give up the diamonds directly, or we will tell the Pâsha and he will whip you!"

Djemâl-ed-Din's beautiful little face changed instantly at this threat, and his delicate mouth began to quiver; but his mother bent down towards him reassuringly. "Tell *kûchuk Ana* where you think the star is, Djemâljim," she said tenderly. "Is it lost?"

"No, *kûchuk Ana*, not lost," he said, his face clearing in a moment.

"Where is it then, my little one?"

Djemâl-ed-Din looked shy. He hesitated for a moment, then he said naively: "The English Captain has got it."

"The English Captain!"

"Yes, *kûchuk Ana*," cried the child proudly, "I gave it him. It came off, and I had it in my hand, and I put it in his pocket, the little pocket in his coat just here." Djemâl-ed-Din touched the left breast of his little brown coat, and looked up to note the effect of this announcement. The three women stood round him with surprise and consternation written legibly on their faces. "The English Captain was a splendid captain," continued the boy appealingly. "He was beautiful, and he was kind; I loved him, and I gave him my star."

Then to the astonishment of Margaret, Valda bent down, and catching the little fellow up in her arms, covered his face with swift kisses.

"*Ma sh'allah, ma sh'allah* (God bless you, God bless you)," she said with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, "my noble little boy! He saved your life and you wished to reward him! Who will say that a child has no sense? He knew better what was right to be done than any of us."

"But the star—the Pâsha!"

It was from Ayôosha that this murmur escaped, and Valda turned upon her with an instantaneous

change of expression. "The star was mine," she said imperiously; "it was one of the jewels that I had from my father,—God be praised for it!—and the Pâsha has nothing to do with it. Mind, Ayôosha, not a word about this to him or to anyone else. Mademoiselle, I know I may trust you."

Margaret was obliged to assent, but it was against her own judgment, and she said quietly: "I believe you are making a mistake."

#### CHAPTER VI.

"*ANA*, Mademoiselle, behold you are à la Franca to-day, *une Anglaise des Anglaises*; but I liked you best as I saw you yesterday à la *Turque*!"

It was the morning after that eventful drive, and Margaret had come in from the garden to give the Pâsha his English lesson. He knew very little English, but he was an eager student, and he gave such close attention to his work, that it was a pleasure to teach him. He spoke French and German fluently, and Margaret looked forward to the hour that she spent with him as to one of the pleasantest in her day; it was her one opportunity of intercourse with a cultivated and intellectual mind, and she enjoyed it. The curious views that he held, and the strange stamp that modern ideas received in his mind, made his conversation particularly interesting and original, and he was so kind and considerate that Margaret could feel perfectly at her ease when she was with him. To-day for the first time she learned what it was to feel embarrassment in his presence.

"And how did you enjoy your drive yesterday?" he asked as she was looking out the books that she wanted. "Did you have any adventures by the way?"

It was merely a question asked in

jest, and the Pâsha did not expect any serious answer; but Margaret felt her colour rising uncomfortably, and she was glad that he could not see her face as she stood at his writing-table. "What adventures could I have, Monsieur?" she answered. "I saw many Turks, but you were the only one who saw me, I think."

"I? Ah, I am a safe person! But you are right; there is no possibility of adventures for Turkish ladies. And it is well that it is so, for the only ones that could happen would be bad ones. What are you searching for, Mademoiselle? I have got all the books here. Come and sit down; my wife has gone to the *hammam* and will not be wanting you this morning, so we can have a good long lesson."

The Pâsha had already cast off his slippers, and seated himself cross-legged upon the white-sheeted divân, and Margaret settled herself in her place on the other side of the big bolster down the middle of the couch. This fashion of sitting cross-legged had been a little difficult to her, and the position struck her as a ludicrous one at first; but as she grew accustomed to it, she found it extremely comfortable, especially in the evenings when it afforded her feet a blessed respite from the mosquitoes. She curled herself up quite happily therefore, and gave a sigh of satisfaction as she settled down among the cushions, for she had been out in the garden for a long time, and she was tired. It was a delicious morning, but it was getting too hot for comfort out of doors, even in the shade of the orange-trees; and it was pleasant to sit in the cool green light of the shaded room, and listen to the music of bird and bee and childish laughter, floating in with the scent of frangipani and mignonette through the wide-opened windows.

The Pâsha was reading aloud a description of an English Christmas, and the remembrance of what the weather was like in England at this moment served to heighten Margaret's sense of well-being by the contrast that it presented; but she could not help smiling at the extraordinary version of Christmas customs and festivities that she was listening to. This reading-book was one that the Pâsha had himself somehow or other got hold of, and it was evidently composed by some foreigner who knew more about the technicalities of English grammar than the peculiarities of national customs. It was more quaint than instructive, but the Pâsha was deeply interested in it, and he was quite disturbed by the imputations that Margaret cast upon the veracity of the author.

"But my dear Mademoiselle," he remonstrated, "everybody knows that the mizzletoe is a well-established custom in your country, and that the ladies, the young and pretty ones, are continually being kissed under it. I think it is a charming custom myself," he added with a twinkle in his eyes.

Margaret laughed. "It is a custom that has fallen very much into disuse in these days," she said. "There is no kissing under the mistletoe except in the servants' hall now. In a mixed company at a party, it would certainly not be allowed."

"*Bismillah!* what a pity! But I will not believe you; it is impossible that such a custom as that should ever fall into disuse. Now confess, Mademoiselle, have not you yourself often been saluted under this plant?" Margaret laughed again as she shook her head, and took up the book as a hint that she wished to go on with the reading; but the Pâsha was apparently not in the mood for work to-day, and he took no notice. "It

is really very sad," he said with a reproachful sigh; "you should not destroy all my pleasant little illusions about England so remorselessly. Am I to believe then that all this that I have been reading in this agreeable little book is changed and modernised now?"

"Not the weather," said Margaret smiling.

"Ah no, that I know by my own experience. I found myself in London once in November, and I recollect it,—I recollect but too well what it was like."

"It is the very worst possible time of the year in which to visit London, and every foreigner that I have met seems to have selected it. I wonder why," Margaret observed reflectively.

"The climate is vile certainly; but there is much that pleases in England, and she has good rulers," said the Pasha. "That is the difference between your country and ours. Ours is rotten at the top; yours is rotten at the bottom. Up to the present the seething mischiefs of your democracy have been kept under, but the restraints are slight, and the barriers are being removed every year. The tide must burst through at last, and then law and order will be swept away, and England may fall into misfortunes as bad as ours."

Margaret's patriotism was roused. It was all very well to hold pessimistic views as a Conservative; as an Englishwoman in a foreign country she felt bound to adopt another tone. "Oh, I don't know about that!" she said. "There is a good deal of public spirit left in England, and when it becomes a question of anarchy, party politics will be cast aside, and every able man will throw himself into the effort of stemming the mischief with all his might,—and determination and energy, joined to ability, will do much."

"That is true; there is much energy in the English character,—I have observed that. Look at them here in Egypt. Why they have revolutionised the country, and they have made Cairo the gayest place on earth. They race, they dance, they play at their lawn-tennis, and they bicycle, all in one breath; and still they have energy left to manage the business and fight the battles of the whole world. *Mon Dieu*, what an irrepressible race!"

"You would be glad if they could be repressed a little in this country, wouldn't you?" asked Margaret mischievously.

"Ah, as to that, I refuse to commit myself. If it is to be a choice between English or French rule, however, I think we may be well content to stay as we are. As to the chances of my own unhappy country, they can but grow worse from year to year, so long as,—but it is no good speaking about that."

The look of habitual melancholy which is noticeable in the faces of Orientals of the highest class deepened into something like despair in the countenance of the Pasha whenever he alluded to the affairs of his own country. He was a great Turk and a fine soldier, and as a statesman he would at least have been upright; but for this very reason he was excluded from any share in the government of his country, and with the spirit of patriotism burning like a strong flame within him, he was compelled to look on from afar in bitter impotence at the spectacle of disintegration and destruction. The deepening of the shadow on his face whenever the fortunes of his country were spoken of betrayed the secret pain and humiliation of a proud man, and Margaret, who guessed a good deal more than he told her of this feeling, could not endure to see it.

She reproached herself now for having given the conversation a turn which had led to such a painful subject.

"You are very generous in your estimate of my countrymen, Pâsha," she said hurriedly; "I only wish that they were equally unprejudiced and clear-sighted in their judgment of the Turks."

"They are rather hard upon us, certainly," said the Pâsha with a tinge of bitterness. "They hear of the atrocities committed by a few bands of lawless Kurds, and they instantly brand us all as barbarians. They sympathise with the Armenians because they are Christians, and they do not know what sort of Christians they are. *You* know, Mademoiselle, and I think you can scarcely wonder at the dislike which they inspire in me."

"No indeed I do not!" said Margaret warmly. "I am ashamed that they should call themselves Christians, and I only wonder that you can trust me, or anyone else whom you suppose to belong to the same creed."

"It is not because you are a Christian that I trust you, Mademoiselle, but in spite of it, because you are an Englishwoman. We trust the English still, and do not forget how they fought side by side with us,—though they must have forgotten what the men who were once their brothers-in-arms were like when they can speak of us in the terms they do. What was the phrase that I saw the other day!—Oh yes, the unspeakable Turk!"

Margaret coloured hotly. She had heard the phrase so often that it had passed into a commonplace for her; and it was only when she saw how keenly it pierced the heart of a brave man that she realised its force. She looked very much troubled, and made a great effort to change the subject.

"It is extraordinary what misconceptions prevail in England on Turkish matters," she said apologetically. "Of course I know nothing about politics, nor how far we are mistaken in that respect, though I suspect that the newspaper men in their anxiety to create a sensation have been guilty of all sorts of exaggeration and unfairness; but what astonishes me is that we should have such false impressions about domestic matters. You have no idea, Pâsha, how very different from what I expected everything has been to me."

"It does not seem to you then that we are such utter barbarians," said the Pâsha, beguiled into a smile.

"On the contrary; I wish that in many respects we were more like you. There will be much that I shall miss when I return to England."

"When you return to England! Are you thinking of that, Mademoiselle? Surely you are not thinking of leaving us?"

"Oh no, I hope not indeed; it is the last thing that I wish. But of course the day will come when you will no longer need my services, and then I should naturally return to England."

"You have friends and relations there, no doubt? You intend to make your home there ultimately?"

"No, not necessarily. I have lost the ties that made England a home to me, and I have no near relations left. No, I have no ties to draw me back to England."

"Then, Mademoiselle, I hope that you will consider this your home. At any rate remember that it will be your home for so long as you choose. Of course if you should desire at any time to revisit your native country, to see your friends or to give yourself a change, you must not hesitate to say so, and I shall defray the expenses of it with pleasure. You will naturally



wish for a holiday sometimes, and it will be easy to arrange it in the summer when my wife goes to Constantinople, where she has plenty of friends to entertain her. But if you find yourself happy with us, I beg of you to go on living with us, and to look forward to it as a certainty. We are not likely ever to wish to part with you so long as you are contented to stay."

"Oh Excellency, you are really too kind!" said Margaret, quite overcome by the benevolence of this assurance. "I wish I could feel that I deserved it. You make me tremble lest I should ever disappoint you, and forfeit the good opinion that I value so highly."

"I do not think you will," said the Pâsha with conviction. "I have observed your character closely, Mademoiselle, and it is written on your forehead that I may trust you. My wife loves you as a sister, and I have confidence in you. I know that with you Valda is safe. She is young and inexperienced, and she needs guidance sometimes. If she had chosen any one of the ladies of the *harim* for a friend I should never have been able to feel sure that she might not get led into some stupid entanglement. And a friend from outside would be worse,—the wives of some of these Egyptian princes and Pâshas are terribly emancipated, corrupt even in secret. One does not know exactly what they are, for if ever a scandal happens it is immediately hushed up; but I do not want Valda to become very intimate with any of them. Praise be to God! she does not seem to have taken a fancy to any one in particular, I think." The Pâsha paused, as if he expected to receive some confirmation of his belief; but Margaret was silent under a miserable oppression of conscience that took the pleasure out of his praise. "Do you think that there is any one of the

ladies who visit here upon whom Valda is inclined to bestow confidence?" the Pâsha asked as Margaret did not speak.

"No,—at least, well, yes,—Hamida Hânem comes here pretty often, and I think Valda is inclined to make friends with her. She is the only one, I think."

"Hamida Hânem? You mean the wife of Mûrad Âli Pâsha?" said the Pâsha consideringly. "Well, I don't know of anything against her. Mûrad Âli Pâsha is a foolish fellow, a poor weak fop who lets his wife have too much of her own way, they say, but I have never heard any harm of her. I know nothing of her; that is the worst,—one knows so little,—how can one know? But you are a good judge of character, Mademoiselle, and you have had opportunities of observing her,—what do you think of her?"

"I really have not seen much of her," said Margaret, feeling not a little uncomfortable under this cross-examination. "She does not seem to me to be very refined in her manners and habits; but, you know, she very seldom talks in French,—it is always Turkish at the dinner-table, and she speaks so quickly that I cannot understand much of what she says."

"But you do not like her? Ah, I see you do not. Well, God is great, and that which is predestined will happen; but I hope that my wife will not become too confidential with her. Valda is as simple and innocent as a white dove, but she is very beautiful, and it is written in the pages of the air that great beauty is a snare. She does not dream of it, but she is the most beautiful woman in Cairo; even among the lovely English girls that one sees at the balls here, there are none to compare with her,—at least I think so. Do you agree with me, or is it that I am blinded by my great love for her?"

The Pâsha was looking at Margaret with a smile in his kind blue eyes, and she felt a sudden, almost intolerable sense of remorse aching at her heart as she thought of all she knew that he did not; but she answered quickly: "I think she is the most beautiful woman that I have ever seen. As for English ladies, they are beautiful certainly, some of them, but they do not compare with her. They are different,—they are lovely, she is magnificent. What a sensation she would make if she were to appear in the box of a London theatre in all her diamonds, her own beauty outshining the beauty of her jewels—dear me, Pâsha, how everyone would gaze at her! Every opera-glass in the theatre would be turned upon her——"

"*Bismillah!* What a day of mud that would be!" exclaimed the Pâsha, betrayed into a Turkish expression as he seldom was when he spoke French. "Do not speak of it, Mademoiselle! And yet these are the risks that English husbands have to run daily and nightly. Allah! I wonder how they can endure it. But it is true that they have more security than we have. We are obliged to exercise precaution; it is impossible to be too careful, and you cannot wonder that we feel it important to keep our women out of the way of temptation. You know that if for any caprice Valda should take a dislike to me, she could come to me to-morrow and demand her papers of divorce, and I could not refuse to give them."

"I know," said Margaret. "It is a state of things that seems to me to be very wrong; but the Socialists in England and all over the Continent are trying to bring about something very like it for themselves."

"Are they? They are fools then, and they will bring troubles without end upon their heads. They will have

to shut up their women, or they will never enjoy an instant of peace or security."

"I don't fancy that they quite contemplate that," Margaret said drily.

"But it would be necessary," insisted the Pâsha; "I can assure you that it would be necessary. For a little time, perhaps, old ideas might exert a restraining influence; but that would soon wear off, and then, mixing freely in society as your women do, the consequences would be disastrous. It is bad enough with us, when a woman, if she becomes discontented with her husband, can at least not get another without the help of her parents or relations; but with our system of seclusion, it can be made to work, and it is not without its advantages for both sides. You see the husband can have his mind easy; there is no occasion for jealousy, and he is obliged to treat his wife well or else she will not stay with him. I know a man with such a bad temper that he cannot keep a wife for more than three months at a time; I do not know how many times he has been divorced,—no woman seems able to endure him. But it is a great advantage for a woman to feel that she is not obliged to stay with a man who is cruel or unkind to her, or who bores her even,—do you not see that?"

"Yes," said Margaret, "I suppose there are some advantages, and while a woman is young and beautiful, it might be all very well; it might be easy for her to find another home; but afterwards,—it is when her youth and beauty are gone that the conditions of such a system would be hard. Then, if her husband wished to have a younger and prettier wife——"

"Ah well, of course that is natural," said the Pâsha. "That does sometimes happen with us,—not very often now though—but when it does, there

is nothing for it but resignation. It comes to this, that while she is young the wife has the advantage, afterwards the husband. And it has not worked badly with us, I assure you. My mother was the third wife of my father,—yes, the third I think, or was she the fourth? I am not sure—but I remember very well that she was on perfectly happy terms with him and with his other wives. In those days polygamy was not so uncommon among us as it is now, and my father's *harim* was a *harim* as you English people understand the word. But he was a just man, and he was most careful not to infringe the law which enjoins that there shall be perfect equality among the wives. He was fondest of my mother, I know, but the others had quite as many dresses and jewels and slaves, and I do not remember any quarrels."

"I think Turkish ladies must be blessed with naturally sweet tempers," remarked Margaret, preferring not to enter into an argument on the subject. "It surprises me to see how well they get on among themselves; one never hears them bickering or disputing with each other. If any annoyance does arise, they generally resign themselves to it quite easily, and content themselves with remarking that it is the will of God."

"What have they got to quarrel about?" demanded the Pâsha. "They can have no serious grievances, and as for the trifling vexations of everyday life, what is religion good for but to teach resignation?"

Margaret smiled. "It is a virtue that the Mahomedan religion certainly does tend to inculcate," she said, and she closed the book that she held in her hand.

The Pâsha had not done much reading that morning; but there was no time for any more, for the boom of the gun from the citadel announced the hour of noon, and this was a signal that luncheon must be at hand. A small bare-footed slave-girl in loose draperies of crimson cotton, tied round her waist with a pink rag, appeared in the doorway to announce it. "*Yemêk gëldë*," she said impassively.

"Ah, your dinner is come, and mine doubtless is waiting, I must go and dress," said the Pâsha, and gathering the full folds of his dressing-gown about him, he thrust his stockinged feet into the slippers lying on the floor. "Go, Mademoiselle," he said, as he retired to his dressing-room, "and peace go with you. Remember what I have said. If my wife wishes to go about with you I am delighted; I have entire confidence in you."

(To be continued.)

## UNITED IRISHMEN IN THE BRITISH FLEET.

IN an interesting passage of his HISTORY OF ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY, Mr. Lecky has alluded to the grave danger which resulted to the country from the wholesale drafting of Irish prisoners and suspects into the British Navy in the critical years 1797-8. He has dwelt, however, rather upon the connection of Irishmen with the great mutinies at Spithead and the Nore in 1797. I propose, in this article, to trace the action of disaffected Irishmen, and particularly of the famous secret society known as the United Irishmen, during 1798, the year of rebellion, drawing mainly upon the unpublished Admiralty Papers in the Record Office.

The number of Irishmen in the fleet was very large, thought it did not attain to anything like the proportion which Wolf Tone assigned to it. He supposed that there were eighty thousand of his countrymen in the Navy, a total amounting to two-thirds of our entire force of seamen and marines. The actual numbers raised in Ireland between 1793 and 1796 are given by Mr. Lecky from an authoritative source as fifteen thousand five hundred and ten, of whom four thousand were marines. By 1798 the number would probably be nearer twenty-five thousand. Irish names are exceedingly numerous in the lists of seamen and marines, and we repeatedly find ships in which a very large part of the crew was Irish. Thus in Admiral Orde's flag-ship, the Princess Royal, the number of United Irishmen is stated by Lord St. Vincent to have been two hundred, out of a

crew of under seven hundred men; and in the Hermione, in which ship occurred the most murderous mutiny recorded in the annals of our Navy, the Irishmen are said to have been very strong.

As the first aim of the United Irishmen was to introduce a French force into Ireland and thus to sever the bonds which held their country to England, it was not to be expected that they would fight readily and willingly against France. They went on board our ships in a dangerous frame of mind, and they found the powder ready to hand in the shape of the numerous Irishmen on board, whose allegiance, never, perhaps, very heartily given, they proceeded to sap. That they were not more successful is an astounding fact, to be explained only by the readiness of conspirators to inform, to the vigour and determination of the officers, and the general trustworthiness of the marines, who were employed as a sort of naval police to guard the seamen and to hold them down. It does not appear that we actually lost any ships through their machinations, for though five vessels were carried off by their crews to the enemy between 1797 and 1801, there is nothing to show that the United Irishmen were the cause of these losses, nor do very many Irish names occur among those of the Hermione's mutineers who were tried and executed. This is an exception to the general rule, which is that whenever there is a mutiny a very considerable proportion of the ring-leaders will be found to have Irish names.

The most dangerous plot hatched by the United Irishmen was one to get possession of the fleet, under the orders of Lord St. Vincent, blockading Cadiz in 1798. This fleet had been the scene of an incipient mutiny early in 1797, which St. Vincent's terrible severity had promptly repressed. Disaffection smouldered on, and as the United Irishmen grew in numbers and daring, they fanned the embers. The captains in command were many of them weak in maintaining discipline; many of the junior officers were supercilious, full of vain conceit (to quote St. Vincent himself) insubordinate and careless in performing their duty. The Commander-in-chief, imperious and arbitrary, in his own words "never gifted with prudence or forbearance," found it exceedingly difficult to enforce the measures which he regarded as essential for the security, health, and good conduct of his squadron, and came into more or less open conflict with his junior admirals, Parker and Orde. It should be said that the very best ships and the very best captains, with the exception of Collingwood, had been sent off with Nelson, to look after Bonaparte and his Egyptian expedition.

When the fleet was in this inflammable state a squadron under Sir Roger Curtis arrived from Berehaven in a most mutinous condition and full of Irishmen. There had been serious outbreaks on the way out, and no sooner had Curtis's ships anchored off Cadiz, than courts-martial were demanded by three captains, one on a seaman, and two on insubordinate officers. The disaffection was most dangerous on board the Marlborough, whose captain was weak and old, and in the Prince, though in this ship the dangerous temper of the crew was not fully known to the authorities. It was afterwards discovered that correspondence was carried on between

Curtis's ships and St. Vincent's, with a view to the seizure of the fleet by the conspirators. The head-centre of disaffection was a ruined lawyer named Bott, on board the Princess Royal, a notorious United Irishman, and a member of the Corresponding Society which directed the United Irishmen's movements. He had been arrested in Ireland and sent off with many others, as disaffected and only less dangerous because less able, without one word of warning as to his character being given to the admirals or captains of the Navy. Bott was a man of good education and persuasive manners; he wrote a better hand and spelt more correctly than many of the officers in His Majesty's Navy. To one of his antecedents life in the service, as it then was, must have been insupportable. Nor could patriotism or the thought that he was serving his country assuage the misery of his existence. As a United Irishman he hated England and loved her enemies.

From the hour when he was placed on board the press-tender Bott had contrived to maintain his correspondence with the head-centres of his secret society. With what infinite ingenuity he managed this we may guess, for we are not told, though we know that men who could write, and men who possessed paper, pens, and ink, were looked very askance at by the officers of the Navy. Nothing is more strangely pathetic than the dirty torn pieces of paper on which the petitions or letters of crews were usually written, or rather scrawled, and which are now to be found in our national Records. Presently he was drafted on board the Princess Royal before Cadiz, and at once began to stir up disaffection.

This very nearly came to a head on May 20th, 1798. On that day a seaman of the Marlborough, guilty of mutiny, had been sentenced to die on

board his ship. The crew had sworn not to execute him. The thrilling tale of the measures taken to secure discipline by Lord St. Vincent has been told by Tucker in his life of that great admiral, and retold by many others. Briefly, the boats of the fleet armed with carronades were to row close round the ship, and to sink her if there was resistance. But what we do not learn in any published work is told in the Admiralty Records, that the Prince, the Hector and the Princess Royal were ready to mutiny and come to her help. How much further the disaffection extended cannot be fully known. But it is said that in St. Vincent's own flag-ship there had been some months earlier a plot to murder the Commander-in-chief and seize the ship, the conspirators as usual being Irish Roman Catholics. Their confessor was in British pay and informed the British Commissioner at Lisbon. The danger, had the Marlborough offered any resistance, must therefore have been great indeed; but as a matter of fact, the crew, cowed by St. Vincent's bold attitude, hanged the man and nothing happened.

At the time, the extreme danger which the fleet had run was not fully known, though St. Vincent must have had an inkling, as armed boats rowed round the Prince during the execution; it was not discovered till two months or more afterwards, and then what information we get is vague and unsatisfactory. But the existence of such a wide-spread plot throws into stronger relief St. Vincent's unflinching determination. A revolt in the fleet at this instant must have paralysed Nelson in the Mediterranean, and might even have ended in the virtual submission of England to France. It would have caused the deepest dejection at home and the utmost elation among our enemies; for, and this is a very important

point, the ships were to be carried by the mutineers into Cadiz, when they would act as a reinforcement to the enemy. To St. Vincent we owe it that these machinations were defeated; and stern, cold, and hard though the man was to all but a very few, we can never forget the debt.

If the incipient mutiny had thus temporarily collapsed, the fleet remained in a volcanic state. Weeks before the plot for a fresh mutiny began, Bott was heard to say to a fellow-Irishman, "This fleet will soon be as bad as the fleet at the Nore;" and the fleet at the Nore had openly revolted. It is significant that many months earlier gross cowardice had been shown by the boats of the fleet in that memorable action in which Nelson gave proof of such brilliant courage and so nearly fell a victim to the enemy. Remembering the presence of the Irishmen, we may conjecture that this apparent cowardice was really due to the disaffection of the crews, though this is nowhere explicitly stated, and though St. Vincent ascribed it to the bad leading of the lieutenants in command of the boats. However this may be, Bott continued his intrigues and correspondence. The discipline of the Princess Royal is said by St. Vincent to have been very bad; and though Admiral Orde glibly assured his Commander-in-chief that all was for the very best on board her, facts disprove his assertion.

She was presently ordered to Gibraltar where, contrary to St. Vincent's rules, free communication with the shore was permitted, with the result that the United Irishmen learnt of the outbreak of armed rebellion in their country. Her decks were a scene of abominable licentiousness, and St. Vincent speaks bitterly of the "tilts, tourneys, and *mis-chianzas*" which took place, alluding



to the silly *mischianza* given by the citizens of Philadelphia to Sir William Howe in the days of the American war. She returned to the fleet ready for any mischief, and the United Irishmen waited and plotted. They wanted an opportunity for action, a grievance it would seem, which would unite English and Irish in open revolt. And in a badly-disciplined ship they had not to want the grievance long.

The pretext arose in this way. On June 24th, a marine named Guthrie was accused by one of the Princess Royal's lieutenants of being drunk. The lieutenant ordered him on the poop and threatened to get him a good flogging. The man, who had an exemplary character, refused to obey, saying: "No, sir, if you knew me you would not use me so." On this the lieutenant began to shove him aft. The marine took hold of the lieutenant's coat,—to avoid falling as he stumbled, or so his witnesses swore—and in so doing raised his hand against his superior officer. Such an act was punishable, and was usually punished with death. Guthrie was placed in irons and the crew, fearing for his life, at once began to plot his rescue, stirred up thereto by the indefatigable Bott.

Bott had as his chief confederates three seamen, Connell, Sweeney, and Jones. Connell seems to have been a man of some education; he read papers, studied books, wrote a fair hand, and spent his spare time in making "a bit of a machine." Sweeney could not write. Their first proceeding was to draw up a letter to be circulated from berth to berth among the crew, conceived in these terms:

Friends and Brother Shipmates,—It must be obvious to you all that the reason of our addressing you must be in behalf of our unfortunate Brother that we behold before our eyes, shackled with

the Fetters of Tyranny and Terror; and if we don't join unanimously to rescue him from Destruction, the like Fate daily awaits ourselves, and we don't know how soon we may be in their Power, which seems to be a pleasure rather than, as it ought to be, a Sorrow to our present Commanders, and I am happy to inform you that our Brothers in Distress, the Marines, are all agreeable to stand by us in the cause of Humanity and Justice to ourselves. Be pleased to hand this from Birth to Birth, evading the Master-at-Arms.

The opportunity, it will be seen, was well chosen, as the marines, whose loyalty was most to be feared, would naturally sympathise with an attempt to save their comrade. All that evening (it was a Sunday) Sweeney was going to and fro among the marines, though not with complete success: Jones was passing the paper round from berth to berth; and great crowds of men were going forward to Connell's berth and taking the United Irishmen's oath.

The oath is given in the Admirals Despatches, and is as follows:

In the awful presence of God—I, A. B., do voluntarily declare I will persevere in endeavouring to form a Brotherhood of Affection among Irishmen of every Religious Persuasion; and that I will persevere in my endeavour to obtain an equal, full, and adequate representation of all the People of Ireland; and I do further declare that neither hopes, fears, rewards or punishments shall ever induce me directly or indirectly to inform on or give evidence against any Member or Members of this or similar Societies, for any Act or Expression of theirs, done or made individually or collectively in or out of this Society in pursuance of the spirit of this obligation. So help me God.

The United Irishmen were from the first most active, though the rest of the crew are said by Connell, in his subsequent confession, to have been perfectly mutinous. When asked if the state of affairs in Ireland had

any connection with the mutiny, he answered that it certainly had. Four of the marines were definitely gained over, and the others were so far tampered with that the mutineers considered they had nothing to fear from them.

In all Bott had sworn in about two hundred men by Monday morning. He might have won over more, but he seems to have thought two hundred enough for his purpose, and with each addition to the number the danger of treachery increased. Some communication, though Bott in his confession denied this, had been held with the Prince, which was, as St. Vincent tells us, in a deplorable state of discipline, and with the Hector, the Romulus, the Juste, and other ships of Curtis's squadron. All were ready to join, or the ringleaders pretended so. The marine Guthrie was to be taken out of irons; the crew were then to cheer the Prince and the Hector, and this was to be the signal for general revolt in the fleet. How Guthrie was to be released was debated. A man was to be punished by flogging with four dozen lashes in the gangway. For this it was usual to assemble all the officers and crew, and to place the marines under arms. The first suggestion made by Connell was that this opportunity should be seized. The rear rank of marines were to drop or surrender their arms while the seamen seized the ship; the front rank were not expected to act strenuously with the whole crew against them, and the officers could be overpowered with ease. But this plan does not appear to have been approved. It was next proposed to rise at nine that evening. This again was abandoned in favour of four on Tuesday morning, when the officers, with the exception of the lieutenant on watch, would be in their beds and could be most easily surprised.

What exactly were the designs of the conspirators, if they had taken the ship, we do not know, as there is a conflict of evidence. On the one hand, Connell in his dying confession declared: "It was the intention to murder the officers without exception. It was intended to go up the Straits and take the ships from Admiral Nelson, and go with the whole fleet to Ireland." Other witnesses said that the Princess Royal was to be handed over to the Spaniards, which seems to have been the design in case the other ships of the fleet failed to rise. An informer named Lambert told Orde that they would never change (put ashore) an officer as they had done before, but would hang Admiral Jervis first and every officer in his station afterwards. A marine named Boyd undertook to kill his lieutenant. Lambert is accused by Bott of saying that "he would not let one officer live to hang him hereafter." St. Vincent, whose judgment was perfectly cool, had no doubts as to the conspirators' intentions, when the plot was discovered. "The officers," he writes, "were to have been massacred, and if the ships from Ireland had joined I was to have been hung with the other admirals, captains, and officers." The future commander of the fleet, a man named Davidson, had even been appointed. Thus for the second time within a few months England was menaced by extraordinary danger from her own fleet.

On the other hand Bott, in his confession, with some hopes perhaps of pardon, strove to tone down the intentions of the mutineers. "All the officers," he said, "were to be put in irons. I do not think that the officers would have been murdered, unless they had fallen in the contest." Indeed he had postponed the hour of rising on purpose to lessen the pro-

bability of bloodshed. There is some corroboration of his statement in the evidence given by Lambert, from which it might appear that after deposing their officers the men intended to remain off Cadiz, blockading the Spaniards. But this is almost impossible to believe, and if Lambert believed it he must have been misled by the United Irishmen. "A hope of making a successful movement in the fleet in favour of the Revolutionary cause," writes Orde, "seems to have been the object of the leaders of the mutiny, although a less alarming motive was assigned to the generality of their accomplices." Jones, one of the ringleaders, thought that had the mutiny succeeded the men would have murdered each other, as there were so many different opinions among them.

On the night of the proposed mutiny Connell was to have had the middle watch; at five bells he was to have called the company and to have secured the support of his accomplices among the marines. Sweeny was to have been upon the poop to obtain the keys of the arm-chest for the men, the magazine was to have been seized, and the officers at the same time to have been made prisoners. Bott had been ordered that night for duty with the boats before Cadiz, and expected when he came back to find the ship in the mutineers' hands. A confederate named Cavanagh was furnished with the letter to the crew, which was to have been handed to one of the Prince's boats, that her men might be ready. But as is so often the case a trifling accident deranged the plans. Connell, who after Bott was the mainspring of the mutiny, was ordered at the last moment to go with the boats. No movement was made by the crew during the night, and next morning several people gave information to the

officers—Carter and Everson, petty officers, and Lambert one of the ringleaders. Steps were at once taken to secure the ship. Bott, Connell, Sweeny, Jones, and Boyd were seized with others of their accomplices. The first three were tried by court-martial on July 2nd and 3rd, the fourth on July 5th, and the last on July 6th. All were convicted of mutinous practices or designs and sentenced to death. In their various defences all agreed in exonerating the Prince and other ships, but on this point they were contradicted by the evidence. Connell's fortitude broke down before the prospect of death and he entreated to be delivered "from the devouring flames of hell." It was agreed that all the culprits were good and quiet in general conduct.

Condemned to death Bott and Connell made lengthy confessions, but Sweeny preserved a sullen and intrepid silence. Connell urged the officers to beware of the Irish on board, and stated that the informers were among those principally concerned. Bott earnestly recommended the officers not to strike the men, as it had been productive of very bad consequences, and was partly the cause of the mutiny. The three were hanged on July 4th, but Jones, who had given very full information, was pardoned. Eighteen of the most dangerous men were withdrawn from the *Princess Royal* and distributed among the ships of the fleet, where they were carefully watched. But so strong were the United Irishmen even now that it was thought unsafe to keep the informer Lambert in the service. It was considered that he would certainly be killed, and he was therefore sent home and shipped off to America.

In his despatch to the Admiralty enclosing the confessions of the prisoners, St. Vincent remarks that they prove, "How much active and

destructive poison has been administered by admitting the United Irishmen, who were apprehended at Dublin and other parts of the country, into the fleet." The crew of the *Juste*, from which they were drafted "puts every ship they are distributed on board of, in a state of infinite confusion and hazard." His secret displeasure with Orde for the bad discipline of the *Princess Royal*, added to other causes of complaint, led him to take the very strong measure of sending that officer home in the most unceremonious manner. It is only fair to state that Orde insisted that officers under his charge had always been strictly forbidden to strike the men. "I never knew it," he said, "to have been practised in this ship until about a fortnight ago, when I expressed in very strong terms to Captain Draper [his flag-captain] my disapprobation of it and gave strict and particular orders it never should happen again. . . . Not a complaint has been made to me on the subject." St. Vincent's anger was still further inflamed by a court-martial held on two seamen of the *Prince* for mutinous behaviour, and by the resistance of his junior admirals and captains to certain measures which he had ordered with the object of keeping the marines apart from the seamen. "The conduct of the court-martial," he wrote, "combined with other occurrences carries conviction to my mind that a majority of the members is determined to counteract the measures I am taking to make soldiers of the marines." To Admiral Parker, one of the supposed culprits, he said: "The members have entered into a combination against me; by God, I will stay here no longer to be so used!"

What occurred in the Mediterranean Fleet occurred also in the Channel Fleet, though the plots there do not appear to have been so far-

reaching, or to have come so near success. Disaffection appeared first in the *Foudroyant*, where two seamen were flogged for expressing sympathy with the Irish rebels and declaring that the crew would rise and seize the ship. In the *Cesar* and *Defiance*, off Brest, there was more than talk. During May a portion of the Channel Fleet was in Torbay when the ringleaders in the *Cesar*, who were Irish Roman Catholics, opened a correspondence with the other ships and administered the United Irishmen's oath. The correspondence was maintained even after the fleet had returned to Brest. On the night of July 29th several of the Englishmen among the *Cesar's* crew came aft and told the officers that they were in fear of their lives, as there was a plot of the Catholics to rise and kill the Protestants. All arrangements had been made, and but for an accident the plot would have been previously carried out. The conspirators had received letters from Ireland enclosing letters from France in which help was promised. They intended not only to kill the Protestants but also to murder the officers and carry off the ship to Brest or Ireland. Twenty-two men were seized; of these six were sentenced to death and two received a sentence of five hundred lashes, a punishment worse than death; the others were acquitted on the ground of insufficient evidence. It is curious to note in the evidence the fact that there were several Frenchmen on board the *Cesar*, and that a boat's crew of foreigners could be raised among the crew on one occasion when it was desired to deceive a strange ship.

On board the *Defiance* there was a similar plot. Mutinous meetings were held in July and a traitorous oath administered:

I swear to be true to the Free and United Irishmen, who are now fighting

our cause against tyrants and oppressors, and to defend their rights to the last drop of my blood, and to keep all secret. And I do agree to carry the ship into Brest, the next time the ship looks out ahead at sea, and to kill every officer and man that shall hinder us, except the master [without whom the ship could not be sailed], and to hoist a green ensign with a harp on it, and afterwards to kill and destroy the Protestants.

A gang of Catholics terrorised the ship, and there was much bad blood among the English and Irish. The total number of United Irishmen in the ship is given at fifty, and it is significant that they complained bitterly of ill-usage by the captain. Probably they had a grievance, for it is generally, though not universally, the rule that where the officers are good and there is no ill-treatment there is no mutiny. Bludgeons were found hidden about the ship between decks and under the guns, and a mutinous pamphlet was circulated, of which all the copies were destroyed when it became evident that the plot was discovered. Twenty-four men were arrested, of whom nineteen were sentenced to death, eight of these being recommended to mercy; two received two hundred lashes each and a year's imprisonment, two more a

hundred lashes and a year in prison, and the other culprit escaped with imprisonment. A little later in the year a precisely similar plot was detected in the Captain. Here again the twelve prisoners were United Irishmen who had intended to seize the ship and carry her into Brest. Ten of them were flogged through the fleet.

In subsequent years the United Irishmen, probably dispirited by the failure of the rebellion in Ireland, were less active. It is evident, however, that during 1798 they were a cause of internal danger which can scarcely be exaggerated. For each plot which was discovered it would be safe to conclude that there were at least as many which were never detected. Yet this should not blind us to the debt which the Empire owes to its Irish seamen. Their worst enemies have never accused Irishmen of cowardice, and excepting at Cadiz they seem to have fought bravely in the face of the enemy. That they had many real grievances no unprejudiced man will deny; and indeed one is tempted to say now that had their loyalty stood the test, it would have been nothing less than wonderful.

H. W. WILSON.

## A RIDE IN SOUTH MOROCCO.

At the beginning of the winter of 1897 a long period of foggy, sunless days gave me the desire to cross the seas in search of better things. My sister C. was of the same mind, and after much discussion we made up our minds to return to Morocco which we had only left a few months before. On our last visit we had made a most interesting journey through Alcazar, Fez, and Mekines, returning by Laraish, and having seen the north of the country we were anxious to compare it with the southern parts, which we heard were quite different, and to visit Morocco city, or, as the Moors more concisely name it, Marakesh.

In the beginning of December we found ourselves at Tangier, where we had arranged to spend some days while making arrangements for our journey in the south. The steamer by which we were to proceed down the coast arriving nearly a week late, we had ample time, and when everything was ready the whole camp was pitched on shore for our inspection. To further ensure a comfortable and pleasant journey we had written from England to engage our former guide and the same cook, and we were so fortunate as to secure them both. These men, besides being good servants, were also interesting companions for the road. The guide, Muktar by name, was a lively and very energetic little man, speaking pretty good English, always in the best of spirits and playing tricks upon the other men. The cook, on the other hand, who rejoiced in the scriptural appellation of Gilboa, was

a man of grave demeanour befitting the serious nature of his duties; he addressed us occasionally in a somewhat baffling dialect composed of French and Spanish, but more frequently rode in silence with his features concealed by the ample hood of his *jelab* and thus, alone in a crowd, had leisure for the composition of the *menu* which was to astonish us in the evening; he had once been cook at the French Legation in Tangier, I believe, and was certainly an artist with the limited means at his disposal. Our arrangements being thus complete, we took ship with all our motley baggage and came in about twelve hours to Casa Blanca, and as the weather was fine we disembarked for a run ashore. After wandering round the outskirts we heard much firing of cannon in the town and, as we neared the Basha's house, a great sound of drums and music. On enquiring what all this might mean, our guide was told that a letter had just been received from the Sultan's forces, and read in the principal mosque, announcing that the army, which was encamped at a distance of three days' journey in the direction of Fez, had achieved a victory over a rebellious tribe, defeating them with a loss of five hundred prisoners; that twenty-five of the leaders had been decapitated, and that some of the heads were being sent to adorn the gates of Casa Blanca. This was all very old-fashioned and gave one the sensation of being back in the Middle Ages; but we did not regret that the heads had travelled more slowly than the letter.



The following morning brought us to Mazagan which has a good appearance from the sea, being surrounded by old Portuguese fortifications of considerable height. Here we left the steamer and rowed ashore, passing various ugly-looking rocks and the funnels of two sunken steamers which have remained for years standing out of water; a significant caution to careless mariners. Passing through the Custom-House, we went to the only hotel the place affords; it was kept by some Spanish Jews, and had as much, or as little, cleanliness as one would expect from such proprietors. The place indeed was so dirty that we made every haste to get out into camp next day. This rapid departure was a little difficult to arrange, for the day of our arrival was Friday, which is the Mahommedan day of rest; it also happened to be Christmas Eve, so that neither among the Europeans nor Arabs was it easy to do business. Fortunately our men and mules had been collected beforehand, so that with the assistance of a Spanish gentleman in the town we managed to make a start on the afternoon of Christmas Day. About two o'clock we took the road; our tents and baggage were packed on mules, my sister and I rode horses, and another horse carried our escort which consisted of one soldier. It was not a large force, but as ancient custom prescribes the same number to attend the Speaker of the House of Commons our sense of dignity was in no way offended. C.'s horse was a well-shaped beast, but had the misfortune of being Government property, and was in consequence so ill-fed that for the first two or three days I had to drive it along with my hunting-crop; at the end of that time our more liberal scale of forage began to put some life into it, and it became quite gay. The Moorish idea of the proper

load for a mule is so remarkable that it is worth describing a single example. Let us suppose the mule equipped with its pack-saddle and the usual pair of soft panniers woven together with a strip across the saddle; one of these panniers would be filled with iron kitchen-utensils, the other with a heavy box of groceries. Across the top a hard foundation is formed with a folding table, two chairs, and a roll of matting; on this three or four men with much exertion place a wet tent, and bind the whole with ropes; finally one of the men climbs up and sits crossed-legged on the top. With this load the long-suffering mule keeps going all day at a pace of quite four miles an hour.

During the night before our start rain had fallen heavily and the town was a sea of mud; but directly we got outside the road became firm, dry, and sandy, so that we could make good progress. It was a great relief to us to see that the country was of this character, for we feared that there would be the same tedious expanse of mud which the northern roads show in the winter time. I use the word *road* for convenience; but there are, as a matter of fact, no roads in Morocco, only worn tracks, more or less distinct, formed by the feet of travellers, and, except in places where there are high bushes, they are sufficiently easy to follow.

We made but a short march on the first afternoon, as we had started late and wished to have a comfortable evening in honour of Christmas. What a relief it was to be away from the dirty town and in the quiet camp with a clear sky and the stars blazing overhead! We pitched our tents as usual on the outskirts of a village, and on the demand of our escort a guard presently arrived, consisting of about eight of the villagers armed with antique flintlocks. This is fur-

nished almost as much in the interests of the village as of the traveller, for if anything is stolen from the latter during his stay the village will, on complaint to the nearest Basha, be called upon not only to make good the loss but also to pay a fine of the same value to the Basha. It is bad to be a slight sleeper when thus protected, for the guard at most places talk, or even sing, through their watch, and if they are sufficiently considerate to refrain from this amusement one or more of them is sure to have a distressing cough which the cold night air brings out and aggravates; added to this is the constant barking of dogs, and when everything else is quiet a mule on the picket-rope is sure to begin snorting and shaking his head till his long ears rattle like castanettes. On the first night these things annoy one, but afterwards the long ride and the open air produce the sort of sleep which cares nothing for such unfavourable circumstances.

The fine weather of Christmas night ushered in a spell of bright hot weather which made travelling delightful, and the country for the first two or three days was bright with young crops, fresh grass, and wide stretches of golden marigolds. The narcissus was not yet out and only an occasional asphodel, but both were in bud, and we regretted we were not a fortnight later when all the country would be white with flowers. Being both of the opinion that it is a mistake to make a business of a journey undertaken for pleasure, we did not unduly hurry ourselves on the road. We generally began to break up the camp at a little before sunrise, between half-past six and seven o'clock. At eight o'clock I sat down to breakfast at a table in the open, all the tents being struck with the exception of that occupied by C.; this it was always difficult to get

possession of as she was almost too strongly impressed with the aforesaid opinion, and at times I was driven to great straits in the matter. On these occasions I found it a good plan to knock out a few of her tent-pegs, till the flapping canvas threatened impending disaster and urged her to more rapid progress. While the final preparations for the start were going on C. would give audience to the women and children of the village, who clustered round her in huge delight at the pearls of wisdom which fell from her lips in Arabic. To the critical ear the conversation might have seemed rather sententious, consisting, as it did, chiefly of proverbs culled from her Arabic grammar. Thus, to the proud mother displaying a lusty infant she would pleasantly remark, "Every monkey is a gazelle to its mother;" and the famine-stricken villager would be consoled with the advice that she should "be content with butter till Allah brings the jam." However, they all seemed mightily pleased, and if permitted to touch her rich attire (a rough tweed skirt) or to examine one of her gloves, they became frantic in their childish delight. For myself I have not the same aptitude for languages, but as an impassive silence is considered dignified among the men, my part gave me little trouble, and I discharged my duty by giving one or two of the chief men tea and cigarettes in the tent during the evening, while I gleaned the news of the district through the interpreter, and from local information marked out on the map the day's march as correctly as I could. On most nights before going to bed I used to warm myself at the charcoal fire in the kitchen-tent, for wood is scarce in this country and it is seldom that we can indulge in the luxury of a good camp-fire. The pleasant warmth and

a handy packing-case often suggested a last pipe ; and while I smoked the men talked and told stories which were translated to me ; in this way I heard much that was interesting and romantic. One of the muleteers was, they told me gravely, "a descendant of Adam the First Man." This I readily accepted as indisputable, but when they assured me that Adam dwelt in that part of Morocco the matter seemed open to question. I was not at that time able to inform them that the cradle of the human race had been found in Somaliland, as I did not acquire that important knowledge until after my return ; but perhaps even so I should not have convinced them. Whatever his origin may have been, the man was a very fine specimen of his kind ; tall, active, and of great strength he seemed to feel neither fatigue nor heat, and would stride along all day with his head bared to the sun.

Our road inland led us gradually higher day by day over a succession of great plains which were varied by an occasional line of hills ; towards the south vegetation became scarce, and we learned that drought and locusts had reduced the country to the verge of famine. Once we rode all day with locusts flying thickly about us and flapping against our faces and hands, while all across the horizon in front of us a red cloud of them was blown along by the wind, looking like the smoke of a heath-fire or the dust that hangs over a review at Aldershot. The first sight of the Atlas mountains made a great impression on our memories. We had halted at mid-day on the banks of a little river, and then, passing through some low hills, the great white wall of the mountains stood all across our front in the far distance. The sight of them seemed to bring us suddenly within reach of the wide Sahara and all

the mysterious country beyond. From the point where we saw them first the distance in a straight line on the map was one hundred and ten miles. On the sixth morning we found ourselves only a few miles from Marakesh. We had camped among some hills, and as we left them a magnificent view opened before us. At our feet was stretched a wide plain green with a forest of tall date-palms ; to east and west this great grove spread till it vanished in the distance, where the horizon was broken by a few small hills. Looking straight across towards the city we could see no part of it except the great tower of the Koutoubia, which rose high above the palms in solitary grandeur. The picture would have been a fine one had it stopped here, but the chief glory of the scene lay beyond, where the lower slopes of the Atlas rose some four thousand feet above the level of the plain, and behind them towered the tall peaks dazzling in their whiteness beneath the fierce African sun. It seemed to us that few cities in the world could have so splendid a situation. When we had thoroughly taken in the beauty of the place we continued our journey into the plain, where the frequent strings of camels winding among the palms showed that we were nearing the city ; but even when we halted for luncheon at the bridge over the Wady Tensift, less than an hour's ride from the gates, nothing could be seen of the town, so hidden is it by the trees. When once entered the place is rather a whited sepulchre, being as dirty as any other town, while the buildings generally are of a mean description. Certainly the crowds of people are great, and the various markets are busy and interesting ; but there is nothing to compare with the steep romantic alleys of Fez, nor does one find at each turn those delightful bits of

architecture and colour which there compelled us every few yards to stop and look about us. We were provided with a house by the courtesy of a native gentleman to whom I carried a letter of introduction from the Vice-Consul at Fez; the house was small, but there was a bit of a garden and some buildings round an outer court, so that we had plenty of room to stow away our camp-equipment and animals. In the garden was a well which was of great convenience, but it had one serious drawback inasmuch as it formed a nursery for the insidious mosquito. We had hitherto been entirely free from these and were unprovided with any curtains or means of defence; they therefore had us at their mercy and showed none. One day I would awake with both eyes so swollen that I could scarcely see, the next with a lip out to my nose and unable to speak distinctly; and C. suffered almost as much. We devised ingenious headgear of silk handkerchiefs, and anointed the nose and mouth, which was all we left exposed, with eucalyptus-oil and other evil-smelling compounds; but what was most efficacious was the nightly slaughter after the shutters were closed. I was often too sleepy to do much of this, and after I had sought my pillow I was lulled to sleep by the flip-flap of C.'s slipper, and the gentle and triumphant monotone in which, like Madame Defarge in *A TALE OF TWO CITIES*, she marked off the number of her victims.

During our stay in Morocco we generally occupied the mornings in seeing the sights of the place and went shopping in the afternoons, as we found that many of the tradesmen did not open their shops till that time of day. The principal shops were in a series of long arcades, and in these there were daily auctions

of a curious and informal kind, which we often frequented, as good bargains may sometimes be picked up there. The scene was quaint and amusing. Up and down the thronged ways ran those who had wares to sell, waving their goods high in air; if anything took our fancy we plucked the sleeve of the vendor and enquired the price; he would either say so much was bid or ask us to name a price; in either case he at once rushed off again shouting out the price named. If in his tour down the arcade nothing more was bid, he returned and concluded the bargain with us; but if more was offered, he came back to see if we were ready to go higher. In one of our morning rambles through the markets we saw large heaps of boiled locusts being sold for food at a small price; the poor people are so much pressed by the results of the drought and the living locusts, that they are forced to buy this wretched food or starve. At one of the villages on the road a large dish of boiled locusts was brought to me as a present, and for the sake of politeness received with signs of satisfaction. I could not, however, go so far as to eat them, the appearance of them, and the idea of so doing, being, perhaps unreasonably, repulsive to me. Luckily one of our men was accustomed to them (the man who was descended from Adam) and he disposed of them with relish, pulling off the heads, tails, and wings as if they were shrimps.

We were most kindly assisted in our efforts to see all that we could by the members of the Medical Mission who are the only Europeans in the town. This Mission does most excellent work, and its fame has reached so far that people come to be treated in the small hospital from tribes living beyond the Atlas in the Sus country and even in the

Sahara. The ladies of the Mission here go about in European dress, and have not, as in Fez, assumed the Moorish garb. It is probably owing to this that we found civility and often smiling faces wherever we went; on its first establishment insults and stones were the usual welcome. But even setting aside this good influence we thought the people of Marakesh showed a more sunny disposition than those of the Northern capital, where, though more Europeans visit the place, the strict follower of the Prophet still thinks it advisable to spit if by chance the shadow of the unbeliever falls upon him. One afternoon we were shown the slave-market where a constant and considerable business is done. On the afternoon of our visit there were but few slaves for sale and consequently a small attendance. The buyers sat in a ring, and the auctioneers led the slaves round for inspection, stopping before anyone who wished to bid and calling out the price as they went. Most of the slaves walked stolidly round without taking much notice of the proceedings; but one poor child was crying, and though the auctioneer tried to pet her into cheerfulness, she was evidently frightened or homesick. We were told she had probably been brought over the mountains from the Sahara, for she was of a more pronounced negro type than the rest, who were, in many cases, children of parents living in Marakesh and unable through poverty to feed their families during these days of scarcity. On days when there was no great attraction in the city it was delightful to ride outside the walls and sit in some secluded place among the palms enjoying the view and listening to the nightingale; our favourite retreat was a spot near the entrance to the leper village, which

does not perhaps appear a very desirable locality, but as the lepers did not come to us, and as we saw no particular object in going to them, the neighbourhood did not matter.

The same Moorish gentleman who had provided us with a house kindly gave us a letter of introduction to a great Shereef living in the country a day's march from Marakesh; and as we were very anxious to allow enough time for this visit to a Moorish country-house we procured, as soon as we could, fresh men and animals to take the road. This was difficult to arrange, for owing to the scarcity of fodder there were but few beasts to be had, but the men from Mazagan could not be induced to go further than the capital so we had to make the best of it. Eventually, and with much difficulty, Muktar engaged seven mules and two camels, an increase in number, but the beasts were small and poor with the exception of those procured for us to ride. We were also escorted by a different Kaid, and were honoured by being given one who was commander of a thousand men, a gentleman of great dignity who made a very picturesque figure at the head of our cavalcade. His raiment was of snowy whiteness with a glimpse of his scarlet caftan showing beneath, and he rode a good black horse with very ornamental saddlery; but in spite of all this he would lend a hand in pitching the tents, and at the end of the journey accepted with much gratitude a present of a few dollars.

A short day's march brought us to the hospitable residence of the Shereef, and as we approached we sent forward the Kaid with our letter of introduction. This was somewhat short notice of the arrival of so large a party, but it seemed sufficient, for when we reached the door we found our host standing ready to welcome

us with his sons and his household drawn up on either side of the gate. The house was a walled and lofty castle standing up above the town and surrounded by large outbuildings for the storage of the corn, wine, and oil produced on this wide and fertile estate. Entering the gate we were led up a narrow staircase in the wall into a marble-paved court with fountains, orange-trees, and a large tank, all sheltered from the sun by a vine trained on a trellis overhead. On one side of the court lay that part of the castle which is inhabited by the Shereef himself, and on the others the rooms used by us. I was assigned a most beautifully decorated *koubba* for my residence, and felt as if I ought in future to be styled *sidi*, or saint. The room was square with walls of carved and brightly coloured plaster, and surmounted by a high-domed roof of octagonal form painted with the richest colours on carved wood; on three sides windows of stained glass opened to afford a view over the garden and towards the mountains, while on the fourth great doors admitted entrance from the courtyard. All round this luxurious apartment ran soft divans, and the centre was spread with thick carpets. C.'s room was chosen for her as being more private: it was indeed so discreetly designed that it had no windows, and when the door was shut she was obliged to use a candle; but the decoration was also elaborate, and a strange yet pleasant odour of incense pervaded it. During our visit we took most of our meals in the Shereef's company, but he was a model of courtesy and on the slightest suggestion that we were fatigued, our food was sent to our own rooms.

The first day is worth describing as an example of the mode of life. In the early morning I threw open the doors of my *koubba* and sallied out

into the sunshine of the courtyard to see what sort of a day it was. It came as rather a shock to me to find our venerable host squatting outside my door and waiting till it should be my pleasure to arise, for I was only clad in pyjamas and my general appearance was not suited to visits of ceremony. He was there, I found, for the purpose of inviting us to breakfast with him; accordingly, having accomplished our toilettes, we were escorted to a set of rooms placed high up in the tower of the castle. We passed through one or two which were in semi-obscurity, but presently a heavy curtain was lifted and we entered a long narrow apartment which I shall never forget. Facing us at the far end was a window whose Moorish arch and looped-up curtain framed a most perfect picture of the Atlas range only a few miles distant, while the waving tops of the tall cypress-trees just reached the level of the window and drew one's gaze down on the garden far below and the great olive groves beyond. A flood of sunshine poured in from this and other windows on either side, and lighted the tiled walls, hung with richly embroidered cloth, and the bright carpets strewn on the floor. On one side of the room sat two female slaves, a Circassian and a negress, in brilliant silk attire and glittering with gold and jewels, who, at our entry, rose and shook hands with us, and then, seating themselves again, struck up a song of welcome to the accompaniment of a guitar and a fiddle. The music was barbaric but well suited to the surroundings; it resembled a Gregorian chant sung quickly in rather harsh and nasal tones, while the instrumental part did not appear to be very closely related to the rest. Our host, meanwhile, was at one of the further windows on his knees and frequently bowing himself towards the open air. We sup-



posed that the good old man was at prayer, but closer investigation showed us that the cooking was going on in the courtyard below and he was directing the service of breakfast from this point of vantage. We were told that the Circassian lady had cost two thousand dollars on account of her beauty and musical talent; neither of these could properly be judged from a European point of view, but I was a little disappointed in her looks having frequently read of Circassian beauty and hardly finding these accounts realised in her rather handsome but absolutely impassive countenance. As they sang we inquired of our interpreter the subject of their lay, and found it sometimes of war and sometimes of the greatness of their master, and sometimes, as he enigmatically put it, of other things; we did not press for a literal interpretation of this part of the performance, gathering from his manner that the tropical sunshine had had an influence on the poet's verse. Breakfast presently arrived, borne in large wooden trays on the heads of slaves, and other slaves brought water and soap in which all present washed their hands. As fingers take the place of knives and forks in Morocco this seemed a very proper and reassuring proceeding, but as we were not expert in the use of our digits we had napkins spread on cushions and plates with knives and forks thereon. The first dish was *kous-kous*, little pieces of mutton-bones, with flour worked up into small granules and cooked with butter. It looked good, but was spoilt by the flavour of the butter which the Moors prefer to eat in a rancid condition; the slightest *soupeçon* of it to our taste rendered any dish uneatable, and we subsequently persuaded our cook to explain this and have all the butter eliminated from dishes intended for us. The next course contained four whole

chickens in a single dish, roasted and flavoured with lemon and garnished with fried eggs; the result was excellent and we appreciated it. The meal concluded with a dish of shortbread covered with wild honey and we hoped great things of it; but alas, shortbread is made with butter, and the mixture of rancid butter and honey is too complicated for the European palate.

After breakfast I expressed a desire to go partridge-shooting, and as the ground which the birds most frequented was at a little distance I was offered a mount to ride there. C. preferred to ride her own mule which was a very good one, and one of the sons accompanied us on another mule. The horse selected for me was a most fiery-looking white stallion, all mane, tail, and flashing eye, such an Arab as Alken used to draw, and much larger than the Eastern breed. The bridle was of red silk with buckles of silver-gilt, and the bit was severe enough to stop any horse; this was just as well, for the animal was very fresh but fortunately contented himself with showy curvettings. On arriving at the shooting-ground I dismounted and tried to walk the partridges up with the assistance of the rest of the party; but as the bushes were high and the sensible birds always flew out of the far side, I was very soon wearied of this fruitless tramping under the hot sun. I was then told that if I mounted a black horse which Muktar was riding, of equally ferocious appearance with my Arab, I could shoot from his back. The prospect was not very assuring, as I was convinced that if I fired the beast would probably get rid of me before I could pick up my reins again. However, I mounted with apparent confidence and found that they had spoken the truth; the horse paid no attention at all to the shot, only, as he continued to walk with a springing step, I had a very

unsteady platform to shoot from, and the results were not great. Later in the afternoon one of the sons took us for a walk, all among the gardens and olive-groves, where he and his friends gallantly pulled down hedges for C. to pass and assisted her over the walls. It was evident that the Shereef and his family were greatly revered, for ever as we passed someone would run out to kiss the hem of our conductor's garment. We returned to the castle at sunset, and after dining in our own rooms, spent the evening with the Shereef lounging on mats and cushions with tea and cigarettes to amuse us, while he told us stories of the country and asked many questions about life in England. His talk had of course to be interpreted to us, but he used his hands so dramatically that it was easy to follow the thread of the story.

In this pleasant manner we spent several days, and the Shereef begged us to remain longer for the weather had become wet and, he said, we should find the country very bad for travelling. His hospitable endeavours were of course backed up by all our men, who had nothing to do but eat, sleep, wake, and eat again, an existence thoroughly agreeable to the Moorish mind. There was an idea, however, that a steamer would be due at Mogador in about eight days, and as we did not want to hurry on the road we decided to start in the teeth of great opposition. Black pictures were drawn for us of our mules slipping down and breaking their limbs, and of the camels splitting themselves on the greasy soil. It was probable enough, but having travelled in much worse weather the year before without suffering any of these calamities, we were obdurate. Finding that we were determined to leave, the Shereef presented us with various handsome gifts, and after much consideration we found a suit-

able token of our gratitude to him, and bade him and his sons a regretful farewell.

In consequence of the men's obstinacy we did not get off till about two o'clock in the day, but I was content, knowing that when once on the road it would be easy to hurry them along. Our march lay towards the mountains, for the rain had swollen the river and it was necessary to go a long way round to cross by the bridge. We were told that the bridge was about three hours' distant, so that when, after making about three miles only, the Kaid turned aside to camp in a village I was much annoyed, and ordered him to go on. This we did, but at a tedious pace, for the camels went much slower than the mules. The road was fair enough at first, but as we approached the mountains our advance became difficult owing to the frequent deep and rocky ravines. I was much surprised to find what good climbing powers the camels had, their great soft feet giving them excellent foothold on the rough ridges of the rocks; no doubt on smooth wet slabs they would have fallen. The scenery was picturesque in the extreme, and I have seldom been in a wilder spot than that which we had reached when the sun set in flaming orange and red behind the heavy clouds. Soon after sunset we heard the rush of the flooded river in front of us, and I hoped that we had reached the bridge; but such was not the case, and we had to keep on climbing up and down the sides of the innumerable nullahs which ran down from the hill to the river. It is not considered very safe to travel in any part of Morocco after dark, and the men seemed uneasy at finding themselves in this lonely hill-country with the river on one side and semi-inde-

pendent tribes on the other. They all spoke in whispers, and when C. and I began talking, Muktar earnestly begged us not to speak aloud in English lest we should be overheard, and the foreign tongue should betray to the fanatical hillmen the fact that Christians were among them. The Kaid rode on in front with ready gun, and I behind was also cleared for action and loaded, while Muktar, by way of moral effect, pulled out a Sus gun which I had bought as a curiosity, and conspicuously bore it aloft. It was not loaded and the lock had no flint in it, but no doubt to the eye of the evil-doer three muzzles sticking up against the sky would carry more conviction than two. Every few minutes we had to wait in silence to let the dawdling camels close up; and once, in a very broken piece of ground, the party became separated and we had considerable difficulty to find those in front, for though we were not far apart it was very dark and shouting was not desirable. At last we reached the bridge, and halted at a short distance while one man went forward to see that the bridge was standing and that no ambush lurked there; it was certainly a relief when he returned and reported all clear.

The ground on the other side was much easier and more open, and another hour brought us to the house of the local Kaid where we proposed to stop. Fortunately the Shereef had sent him word beforehand that we were coming, and we were soon admitted into the place. The village consisted of walled enclosures with shelter for man and beast inside, and square towers rising above the walls; in fact every house was a small fort capable of defence. I have seen pictures of similar buildings in Afghanistan, surrounded by scenery of much the same character. By eleven

o'clock we were comfortably seated at dinner in a dry room warmed with a basket of charcoal; our cloth was spread on a pack-saddle which served well for a table, and saved the time which would have been spent in undoing the loads. We slept sound that night, but in spite of open windows the fumes of the charcoal gave us aching heads next day.

A few hours brought us within an easy distance of Amsmiz where we had thought of passing a day or two, but our time was growing short and we were told that the place would be very cold at that season, so with some regret we left it on one side and worked back towards the main route between Marakesh and Mogador. During our march to the coast we generally slept in the house of the headman, as the Kaids on this road are ordered by the Sultan to keep an apartment for the use of guests, and we always found the room clean. At one village the Kaid lived in a picturesque castle on a hill, and declined to admit us, bidding us go on to the next house. Our escort, however, threatened to break down the door if it was not opened; and it must be said that when once inside we were treated with all civility. After dinner our host came to me and confided that he was suffering great pain in his leg. On inquiry I came to the conclusion that sciatica was the cause of his trouble, and asked whether he had tried any remedies. Yes, he said, showing a great scar, he had run a red hot nail into his instep, but added that he was no better. I was not surprised, as it seemed to me a very extraordinary remedy, but I have since been told that a similar treatment used to be followed in England. I gave him such remedies as my small medicine, case afforded, and recommended rubbing with paraffin-oil, which might

do him good and could not hurt him; he was most grateful, and I took the opportunity of impressing on him that when Christians next passed that way he was to admit them at once.

The country through which we marched was more green and fertile than the plains round Marakesh; but nothing much had grown up yet in the fields, and the herds of gazelles which frequent this country were nowhere to be seen; probably they were up in the lower hills where there would be good grass. We were told that sometimes one might see animals like donkeys with black and white stripes which also came down from the hills. This was most interesting, for what could the animal be but the zebra? Yet I had never heard of the zebra so far north; the camelmen who told us knew the country well, however, and had no reason to suppose that I was more concerned about a zebra than any other beast. It would be interesting to know what the zoologists have to say on the subject.

As we approached the coast the country gradually changed in appearance. One day we rode for hours through high bushes of broom covered with a small sweet-scented white flower; the bushes rose so high that the flowers brushed one's face as one rode, and it was a pleasant change after the great stretches of open treeless country. Then came the Argand forest where the trees grew in natural glades and vistas till one seemed to be riding through a park. Prickly, and with much the appearance of old blackthorns, they were covered with unripe nuts, one of which I cut open for inspection. It

contained a large stone which is crushed for oil, and a green husk which, after being bruised off, is partly dried and then serves as fodder for mules and camels. The road through the forest descended steeply in places and we often had delightful views of the distant sea, till we came into a wood of small cedar trees, which, owing either to the soil or to the frequent fires, appeared unable to rise to any respectable height. Among the trees C. found a quantity of pretty flowers, African snowdrops and wild roses for the most part.

On reaching Mogador we found to our great regret that the steamer for the Canary Islands was already in and would leave in an hour. Just before sunset therefore we were rowed to the ship, attended by Muktar in a most melancholy mood. We had arranged to make a parting feast for all the men, and to have a few days of rest in camp, shooting and sketching; and now all this was gone. So soon as we were on board they got up the anchor, and Muktar went dancing away over the heavy swell, shouting out farewell greetings till he could no longer be heard. The last lights of a glorious sunset still flamed in the west, and lighted up the white walls and minarets till the town looked like metal-work. Distance and the gathering night gradually shut out the picture, and brought us from a patriarchal existence to the prosaic world of the present. For some time at least we could not properly value the modern life, and mourned for the silent open country and the lonely camp, or, in the words of Loti, *l'air vierge et irrespiré du désert.*

FREDERICK WILLIAMS WYNN.

## FRANCE AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

THE Newfoundland Question, as it is usually called for the sake of brevity, embraces two entirely distinct claims on the part of France, and the distinction should be kept clearly in mind in considering a

huts and stages on the shore for the purpose of drying and curing the fish so caught. This right is distinctively known as the French Shore Question. Previously to the Treaty of Utrecht there had been a long-standing dis-



French Shore, 1713 to 1783, Cape Bonavista to Cape Riche.  
French Shore, 1783 to present time, Cape St. John to Cape Ray.

possible compromise between the respective countries.

In the first place, there is the right, granted or assured to French fishermen by the thirteenth article of the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713, to catch fish along certain portions of the coast of Newfoundland, and to erect

huts and stages on the shore for the purpose of drying and curing the fish so caught. This right is distinctively known as the French Shore Question. Previously to the Treaty of Utrecht there had been a long-standing dis-

them. By the treaty in question the dispute was settled by an acknowledgment of England's sovereignty over the island, subject to a reservation to the French of the right of fishing over a very extensive line of coast.

The island [ran the article aforesaid] called Newfoundland, with the adjacent islands shall from this time forward belong of right wholly to Great Britain. . . . Moreover it shall not be lawful for the subjects of France to fortify any place in the said island of Newfoundland, or to erect any buildings there, besides stages made of boards, and huts necessary and usual for drying of fish; or to resort to the said island beyond the time necessary for fishing and drying of fish. But it shall be allowed to the subjects of France to catch fish, and to dry them on land, in that part only, and in no other besides that, of the said island of Newfoundland, which stretches from the place called Cape Bonavista to the northern point of the said island, and from thence, running down by the western side, reaches as far as the place called Cape Riche.

This liberty of taking and drying fish was confirmed by the Treaty of Paris in 1763, and was again acknowledged by the Treaty of Versailles twenty years later, the limits of the French shore, however, being altered from Cape Bonavista northwards to Cape St. John on the east coast, and thence southwards from Point Riche to Cape Ray on the west. The accompanying plan, if not very exact, will at any rate assist the reader to understand the position of affairs, and will show to what an extended coast-line the French claim applies.

To the Treaty of Versailles was attached a declaration which has since proved the cause of much friction between this country and France. The King of England, it was thereby promised, would take "the most positive measures for preventing his subjects from interrupting in any manner,

by their competition," the exercise by the French of their fishing-rights on the Newfoundland coast. There was nothing remarkable about such a declaration in the circumstances of the time. Newfoundland was then regarded solely as a fishing-station, and settlers were looked upon as poachers. Previously to 1583, when the island was annexed to the English Crown, the fisheries had been carried on under the direction of an "admiral," who was elected each year by the fishermen plying on the coast, and who was usually an Englishman because the best-equipped boats came from Topsham, Bideford, and Poole. After the annexation the island was governed as a ship, and the greatest precautions were maintained to prevent any permanent settlement on the coast. Every captain going to the fishery was obliged to account for each member of his crew upon his return, and was required to produce proofs of the deaths of any who were missing. No surprise would therefore have been felt at an undertaking not to permit fixed settlements. Some such settlements, no doubt, existed; but they were few and unimportant, and no difficulty was likely to be experienced in removing them. The object was to establish a neutral ground, and thus put an end to the disputes which were constantly arising between the English and French fishermen. Unfortunately, however, the declaration has itself become a subject of dispute by giving rise to a claim on the part of France that the rights of her fishermen on the treaty-shore are exclusive, while the Colonists, on the other hand, maintain that the Newfoundland fishermen enjoy equal rights with the French. Which contention is correct will have to be carefully considered in any negotiations for a settlement of the rival claims.



A question of probably graver importance is as to the precise meaning of the word *fish* in the various treaties. Practically the only species of fish known until quite a recent date, if we except those which were principally used for bait, was the cod; and the Colonists maintain with much plausibility that since fish signifies in Newfoundland cod, and cod only, the French rights are in point of law restricted to the taking of cod. That, however, is not the view either of French fishermen or French diplomats. Their contention is that at the date of the Treaty of Utrecht *fish* included anything that was taken out of the sea. We, living in an age of greater precision and being accustomed to exact definitions, should describe lobsters as crustaceans if we intended our words to have a legal significance. But that was not the manner of the men of the eighteenth century; they were content with generalities, and there is authority for saying that at the period to which the treaties belong the term *fish* comprised what even now are popularly known as *shell-fish*. Until within almost the last decade the question did not become acute, because there was a sufficient quantity of cod along the treaty-shore to afford a means of livelihood to all the men engaged in the industry. But latterly, either because the coast has been too much fished or for some other reason, there has been a serious decrease in the cod, and their place has been taken by lobsters. The French now maintain their claim to take and can lobsters, asserting that the clause as to drying the fish was not intended to restrict their general rights, but that those who drafted the treaties were merely looking to the facts of the moment. In law we believe that the point is arguable. Nevertheless, the Colonists regard the claim as an

unwarrantable attempt to extend French rights, and it is obvious that in a self-governing Colony the views of the inhabitants must be a matter of the most careful consideration.

Since the Treaty of Versailles the French fishing-rights have been the subject of numerous negotiations, which have either ended in futile compromises, or have been followed by Bills to which the Colonial Legislature has objected. In 1814 France refused to accept Mauritius in exchange for a cession of her claims on the Newfoundland shore. In 1857 a treaty of many clauses was arranged between England and France, giving to the latter country exclusive possession on some portion of the coast, and securing to the Colonists in return the right to mine and develop over the remainder. To this compact, however, Newfoundland refused to consent, and in consequence it never became law.

In the years 1882 and 1883 British subjects established lobster-factories at various spots on the French shore which had hitherto been unoccupied. In 1886 French fishermen visited the district for the purpose of catching lobsters, and in 1887 a French warship cut adrift the British lobster-traps, and this action received the support of the British naval officer on the coast. It was in 1888 that the claim was first set up that British subjects were violating French rights by erecting factories within the limits of the line of coast reserved to France by the treaties. In 1890 a *modus vivendi* was reached by which such British factories as were then in existence were allowed, while all questions of principle were reserved for future settlement.

In 1891, under pressure from the British Government, the Newfoundland Legislature passed an Act by which Colonists were compelled to

remove from the French shore at the direction of naval officers, and that Act was to continue in force till 1893. Meanwhile a Bill dealing with matter of jurisdiction was introduced into the Imperial Parliament, carried through the House of Lords, but subsequently dropped on an undertaking by the Prime Minister of Newfoundland that the Colony would itself legislate on the subject. That undertaking has never been redeemed in a permanent form, and therein France has undoubtedly a just cause of complaint against the British Government, which is undeniably responsible for the conduct of the Colony. The temporary Act has been renewed from time to time, and there for the present the matter rests.

The dispute has been further embittered by the fact that the French Government, pursuing a policy which has had such disastrous effects upon the trade of our West India Islands, offered a bounty equivalent to nearly a half of the value of every quintal of cod caught and exported. The object of this bounty is to encourage and maintain an industry which some French naval authorities still regard as a training-school for the French Navy, and which would probably die out altogether without such extraneous assistance. The practical effect of the bounty is to enable the French fishermen to undersell the Colonists in the European markets, and to render competition in the industry a very difficult matter for the latter. The Colonial Secretary of Newfoundland in a recent report to the Governor on the general condition of the Colony, says: "The reduction in the price obtained for those commodities (cod and other fish-stuffs), which has been steadily decreasing for the last five or six years, was in 1894 of a most serious nature, and in view of

its future effect upon the well-being of a Colony whose fisheries have hitherto supported five-sixths of its population, is a matter of the gravest import. The principal cause is the enormous bounty given to French fishermen, which operates most injuriously to the sale of our fish in Mediterranean markets." As an offset, however, it has to be admitted that the Colonials do not at present cure their fish as well as do the French, and that there is therefore a readier sale for the latter. In retaliation for the imposition of these bounties the merchants of St. John's persuaded the Newfoundland Legislature to pass an Act prohibiting the sale of bait to the French upon any conditions whatever. The most obvious effect of the Act was to ruin the Colonial fisherman of Conception and Harbour Grace, but considerable injury was, of course, also caused to the French fishery.

So much for the history of the French Shore dispute. The other portion of the Newfoundland Question can be disposed of in a few words. From time immemorial the Great Bank to the south of Newfoundland has been a fishing-ground for the ships of all nations. Thither resorted English, French, Spanish, and Portuguese; but, owing to the fact that they held Canada, the fishery was probably of more value to the French than to the fishermen of other nationalities. Recognising this, the English, by the Treaty of Paris in 1763, ceded St Pierre and Miquelon islands to France "in full right," so that they might "serve as a shelter to the French fishermen." And, in return, His Most Christian Majesty, the King of France, undertook not to "fortify the said islands, to erect no buildings upon them, but merely for the convenience of the fishery; and to keep upon them a guard of fifty men only for the police." The complaint

of the Newfoundlanders is that the islands at the present day serve not only as a shelter for the legitimate protection of the fishing interests, but also for the illegitimate encouragement of a vast amount of smuggling; that a regular municipality has grown up on the islands; and that they are fortified and garrisoned, and might easily prove a source of serious menace to Great Britain in case of an Anglo-French war. Provided, however, that the French Government will compel its subjects to act in accordance with the revenue laws of the Colony, we doubt whether on this part of the question Great Britain has very strong cause for complaint. It is, perhaps, only consistent with human nature that the Colonists should desire to dispossess the French of a position which might conceivably prove a thorn in the side of the former. But the Government at home has to hold the scales of justice between the claims of Newfoundland and the unquestionable treaty-rights of the French. If the latter are ready to yield their occupation of the islands for a reasonable territorial or pecuniary compensation elsewhere, well and good; but we do not believe that public opinion in France is at present prepared for such a cession, nor that public opinion in this country is ready to attempt to enforce it. That matter, however, must not be confused with the question of a cession of French interests on the Newfoundland shore, where we believe that the two countries are ready, the one to give, and the other to accept, a reasonable compensation.

Surveying the matters in dispute as a whole, one is driven to the conclusion that both the Colonists and the French have exceeded the exact limit of their rights. With the Newfoundlanders it is impossible not to sympathise sincerely. A growing and far from

wealthy population, they find their efforts to obtain a livelihood restricted, and apparent sources of wealth debarred to them, for reasons which they cannot understand, and by limitations which strike them as eminently unfair. They are becoming yearly more impoverished because rights which are in present circumstances of benefit to nobody prevent the mineral wealth of the Colony from being duly developed. The prospects and hopes of Newfoundland must rest mainly, if not entirely, upon its fisheries and its minerals. The former have greatly deteriorated during the last ten years. The cod, as we have seen, have left the east coast, and even on the Great Banks their numbers have become so much reduced in recent years that the Spanish and Portuguese fishermen no longer come there, and the French in all probability would not were it not for the bounty. The lobster-trade also seems to have been somewhat overdone, to judge from the latest figures on the subject. Taking the report on the trade of the Colony which was presented to Parliament in 1896 (the last, apparently, that has been issued), we find that, although in 1894 the catch of lobsters was largely in excess of that for the previous year, it sold in the market for a less price proportionately. The quantity preserved in 1893 was 1,699,344 lbs. valued at 265,522 dols., while the figures for 1894 were 2,306,688 lbs. valued at 312,364 dols. The cod and salmon-fisheries showed a decrease in 1894 of upwards of 580,000 dols., while the herring-fishery gave an increased value of slightly over 26,000 dols. The total value of fishery products exported in 1894 was 5,141,221 dols., as against 5,466,911 dols. in the preceding year.

The vast forests in the interior of the Colony afford a certain revenue, valued in 1894 as 82,641 dols. But

the principal source of wealth in the future may be expected to be found in the deposits of iron and coal which will probably be discovered in great abundance in many parts of the island. Hitherto Newfoundland may be said to have been unknown land so far as regards anything save the fishing-industry; but the financial crisis which overtook the Colony a few years ago, and ruined so many of the poorer Colonists, has compelled the Government to look for new sources of employment for the people. With this object the head of the Geological Survey of Newfoundland, Mr. Howley, was requested to report to the Governor upon the mineral resources of the Colony, and his report must be pronounced to be decidedly favourable to the claims of Newfoundland to be considered a mineral-producing country, although possibly less hopeful as regards the amount of labour which the mining industry is likely to employ. In working the minerals there appear to be two main advantages; they are usually close to the surface, and in proximity to deep water. In one instance, the report states that a shaft sunk vertically to a depth of ten feet two and a half inches revealed six feet seven inches of ore. That is perhaps an exceptionally rich deposit; still with such possible resources at their disposal Newfoundlanders have no reason to fear the future, if only they are afforded the necessary facilities for the proper development of the land.

What, then, is the value of the French rights, and what compensation should this country offer for their extinction? The French interests in Newfoundland have a naval as well as a commercial value. Their value from a naval point of view, however, attaches solely to the industry carried on on the Banks, and has nothing whatever to do with the French shore. Some ten or twelve thousand men are

annually employed in prosecuting the fishery at the former point, and no doubt they acquire in the practice of their calling a certain seamanship, which is, of course, a very desirable factor towards the establishment of a naval reserve. Indeed, it is considered in many quarters in this country that our Admiralty is slow in seizing the opportunities which Newfoundland affords for increasing Great Britain's reserve of seamen. Be that as it may, the French naval reserve is recruited from the deep-sea fisheries in the North Sea, and off the Icelandic and Newfoundland coasts. The last-named is perhaps the most important of the three, and it is chiefly with a view to the requirements of their navy that the French Government has imposed the bounties of which our Colonists so bitterly complain.

While admitting that French rights have a value from this point of view, it is improbable that the value is anything like so great as the more ardent spirits of France are inclined to assert. The bulk of the men are middle-aged and clumsy, and Admiral Reveillère has recently done his best to kill this argument. In cases of difficulty, and when hard-pressed for men, it is no doubt of advantage to a navy to have men at hand who are accustomed to sea-life and inured to hardship; but beyond a certain point such education rather stands in their way than otherwise. Service on board a man-of-war, and the handling of the machinery which forms the equipment of modern naval armaments, requires instruction for years, and men who have spent their best days on fishing-smacks are not for the most part suitable material for moulding into men-of-war's men. If the French Government was to spend in the training of naval recruits the sum of four million francs, which is at pre-

sent devoted to supporting a declining industry, the French navy would certainly receive more benefit.

From a commercial standpoint, and looking to the interests of the French fisherman only, the value of the Newfoundland fishery as a whole is undoubtedly much greater. By the assistance of the bounties it is, as we have seen, rendered adequate to support upwards of ten thousand men; but the value to the French taxpayer must be almost infinitesimal, as it would likewise be to the fishermen were the bounties to be abolished. But even so, the greater part of the value is derived not from the fishery on the treaty-shore, but from that at the Banks. The former once yielded large catches of fish, but it does so no longer. During the past season the French occupied only eight stations in all on the east coast of the island, and six on the west coast. The number of fishing-vessels employed was ten; while five hundred men made between them a catch of cod of the value of £7,500. No wonder that Admiral Reveillère was induced to tell the *MATIN*: "I positively affirm, and I am sure that I shall not be contradicted by any officers cognisant of the Newfoundland station, that the French shore has no kind of interest for the navy." It is within the bounds of possibility that the cod might at some future time return to the French shore, and so revive the value of the treaty-rights. Such a possibility ought not, however, to deprive the Colonists of the right to develop the country in the meantime; it may be an additional factor to be considered in settling the amount of the compensation which France is to receive, but it could not justify a refusal to cede rights which are under present conditions all but valueless, assuming that

the French are not entitled to take lobsters.

The settlement of compensation will, it may be presumed, be a matter of some difficulty. It has been suggested that it should take a monetary form, and its precise value has been variously estimated at a milliard of francs and a hundred thousand pounds, according to the nationality of the writer. We venture to consider it more probable that there will be a general set-off and settlement of disputed points, with eventually some territorial concessions, probably on the west coast of Africa. The recent Blue Book on Madagascar appeared at a moment particularly well-timed to strengthen the claim of the British Government to regard the loss of British trade-rights in that island as the equivalent for any commercial disadvantage which the French might suffer by the more active enforcement of British sovereignty over the west and north-east coasts of Newfoundland, and we shall be surprised if that is not the true significance of its publication. To come to an agreement upon the Newfoundland Question only, when the time seems ripe, and the parties are evidently disposed, to arrive at an understanding upon a much wider basis, would be almost to flout Providence by refusing the opportunity which has been placed in our way. From East to West Great Britain and France have interests which either clash already or promise to do so in the near future. It is necessarily difficult to negotiate with Governments so unstable as those which the third French Republic has produced; but even so, we cannot believe that it is beyond the powers of diplomacy, even when assisted by the Press of two free countries, to arrive at some general settlement of all outstanding

claims, which shall be fair and honourable to both sides.

If, as we suspect will be the case, France refuses to part with her rights over the islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, except for compensation out of all proportion to their intrinsic value, then at any rate she should undertake to see that they are no longer used as a base of operations for committing breaches of the Newfoundland revenue regulations. With regard to these islands the rights ceded by Great Britain under the Treaty of Paris have unquestionably been exceeded, and it would be merely honourable dealing on the part of the Republic to restrain her subjects from further using them for purposes foreign to the intention of the cession.

The bounties on cod present greater difficulty. Their tendency, as we have seen, is to lower the price of this fish to a point at which the fishing scarcely leaves a profit to the Colonists. Yet France cannot be expected to discontinue the bounties automatically so long as she regards the fishery as a training-school for her navy. The only remedy that appears at all feasible is to place counter-bounties of the same value on the cod taken by the Newfoundland fishermen. This could not be construed as an unfriendly act: it would be merely a measure of self-protection; and its effect would certainly be to kill the French fishing-trade within ten years, and so render the islands of no practical value to France.



## A STRANGE EXPERIMENT, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

## VIII.

THE first time I opened my eyes with the light of thorough consciousness in them, my glance fell upon that familiar reclining figure. My lids fell wearily, so convinced was I that the phantom of my dream still pursued me; but at the sigh of discontent that fell from my lips, the man rose and came toward me. "So," he said, "it is to be life and not death. Good! Doctor," he called.

My eyes rested upon him as if fascinated; my lips framed a question but I was too weak to utter it. He held a cup to my lips, which I drained, and then, with a wave of his hand, he sent the doctor and the nurse from the room, and we were alone. "You are a Rossi," he began eagerly.

"And you, you are——" I dared not say the name, so absurd, so impossible, so unreal it seemed. But the light leaped to his eyes and quickly throwing himself into a recumbent position, his head slightly thrown back, his arms at his side, he lay for just a moment perfectly motionless. It was answer enough to my question.

In silence we stared at each other. It seemed to me I should never look enough.

"And now, comrade,——" he began.

"No comrade of yours," I interrupted hotly. "I serve the King."

"Bah! A better man than you I called comrade, your,—not your father!"

"My uncle, Luigi Rossi, the great scientist."

"Ah! A man that, a good fighter, a brave comrade. As for your King——"

With that peculiar dramatic mimicry which seemed part of him, he held both his hands together high in the air, bringing them down with an accompanying *swish* that sickened me. I fell back faint upon the pillows; but with an odd tenderness he bent over me and gave me a restorative.

"See," he said softly, and his voice now had the most caressing quality, "you are an old man, you are sick. Let us not quarrel, you and I. I owe my life to your uncle; he is my creator, a sort of kind, pitying Génu who gives a man another chance. I saved your life three weeks back; I keep you alive now, for the people are slow to forget their wrongs and their wrath. Let us not quarrel, you and I."

It would have been easy to do as he wished; there was something as magnetic about the man when he tried to please, as there was imperious and dominant when he spoke harshly. "But, in heaven's name, man," said I, "what quarrel had you with the King? How could you know aught of the struggle and on which side right lay and on which side wrong? Was it fair, was it honest, was it manly to fight without knowing for what you fought? And, tell me, what induced you to join the Revolutionists?"

He threw back his head laughing boisterously. Whatever he did, this strange creature seemed to do with all his soul; there was something so

vital, so strong about his every mood. "The Revolutionists, the King," he repeated after me. "I need not tell you that Zojas never saw your King till two weeks ago, when——"

But I held a shaking hand up to ward off his words. Some day I would know the details, but not from this man, who illustrates everything he describes with an aptness, a force that makes one shudder with the realisation.

"See!" he said kindly. "Suppose yourself Zojas,—ah! you need not shrink; a better man than you could suppose himself a bandit. Perhaps," he went on musingly for a moment, "that is it, the difference between you and him. Had he lived he would have been for the people—Ah, well!—Now, then, caught like a wolf in a trap, in that prison where you yourself have been, Signor, Zojas drinks a bitter, freezing draught, looking all the time into his comrade's eye and getting courage there,—not to die, Zojas needs not that, but courage for what might happen should the Signor fail and Zojas wake beneath the ground—Oh!" He drew in his breath between his shut teeth. "But an eye like that—Gésu! If his life had been good for a score of years instead of half as many hours, Zojas would have trusted him. Zojas drinks, and then, quickly, he knows no more,—till he wakes bewildered. The noise, the shouts, the cries! For a moment I know not where I am, but think only that the hungry San Marcans wait without to see me hanged. I leap from the couch,—the room is strange, a sorcerer's room with strange instruments, a queer smell; Zojas would be away from it all, but his legs shiver and quake like a baby lamb's, his head throbs, and his heart beats as if Zojas were afraid. All at once I see the flagon

of brandy. Some good friend has left it there—it was you? A thousand thanks, Signor, then for that; 'twas a good turn. I drink all, every drop; then I put the flagon down empty, and then,—then I remember. I remember quick,—Pietro's treachery, the fight in the street, the brave Signor comrade, the jail, the drink—everything. Yet I cannot be sure that Zojas has slept the long sleep, though the room is so strange and I know not where I am. Then again rises the shouting from the street, and something in me stirs to be out and in the struggle, wherever it is. If the Signor has failed, Zojas tells himself, better that it should be like this than to wake below there. And now better be out in the open where a man has a chance to fight for his life, or it may be, escape; but if the brave, true-hearted comrade has indeed rescued Zojas from the gallows and the grave, then out, just the same, for Zojas has again a life to live. The good, rich liquor has set my blood flowing; Zojas is again a man. Out into the next room, which is strange as the first,—I rush to the door,—it is locked; I would have battered it down,—as I did a few hours later, Signor, you remember—but I knew not what I might meet beyond. Then to the window, and out on the small balcony, and over the side, creeping, crawling, jumping, till I gain the roof of the next house. And here a jutting cornice lends a footing,—Zojas comes from the mountains—and there a tall tree, a pipe leading down from on high, a tough vine,—and at last, Zojas is free! Ah, but the people are up and roused! They snarled like a snapping wolf when Zojas passed on his way to prison yesterday,—or a hundred yesterdays past; to-day it is a raging lion, which roars and shakes its tossing mane and

lashes its tail while the very earth and air tremble. What has roused them? Zojas knows not, nor cares. For one thing he sees quickly,—the lion roars not at him; it opens its horrid mouth for bigger prey. ‘Lend a hand here,’ calls one to me; ‘your face is strange to me, but I see you’re one of us.’ He points to the red kerchief Giulia knotted about my throat that last evening; I do not understand, yet do I see that many men wear the colour and few, the soldiers among them, wear blue. Then, while I stare around confused yet eager for my share, a red-capped dwarf is thrust aloft on the shoulders of his fellows. He is borne to a wine-shop and standing on a tall cask in front, which Zojas has just placed there at some one’s bidding, he begins to talk to the people. Zojas listens with all his wits; in a moment, though the words are oddly clipped and now and then a strange one breaks the sense, yet he understands,—no more king, no more nobles, no more taxes, no more duties. Why, then, ’twere no longer a sin to smuggle! ’Twas a lucky chance that brought Zojas here to listen to this wine-cask confessor, who in a moment remits half a man’s sins. ‘Then Zojas is with you, comrade,’ I shout right lustily. And in a trice the crowd presses about me. We clasp hands, we cry aloud, we wave red swords in air, we drink again and again, and the wine is like new blood in my veins; we swear to be free. ‘Down with the King and the nobles! Down with the taxes! Death to the Guards!’ The Guards,—why, since Zojas was a lad these Guards have hunted him. They killed his father, they took his mother captive, they have been for ever on his track. Many, many times has Zojas hidden and skulked that they might be

foiled; many, many hungry days, many cold, wet nights, a bullet here, a knife-thrust there, Pietro’s treachery, too,—all this Zojas owes to these Guards. Death to the Guards! With all my heart! What music to the fox’s ear, this death to the hounds! ‘Up, comrades!’ I cried in a fever, tearing the kerchief from my hot throat and waving it madly, as I would have waved a sabre if I had had one. ‘Up, on! Zojas will lead you! On, on, comrades! Death to the Guards! Down with them! Down with them!’

IX.

I LISTENED to the torrent of his speech, absorbed, entranced, as he half-acted, half-related his adventures. His eyes, his hands, his body, all told the tale, so vividly, with such dramatic effect that I could have sworn that I had witnessed it all. “Ah,” he murmured, “it was a great fight!”

“It was a cruel, terrible fight, and a cruel, terrible chance that raised up a man like you at such a critical time. A moment more and the Guards had won the day, and the King had been safe in some friendly neighbouring State.”

Zojas smiled. “Then,” he said, leaning forward and watching me intently, “had you been in the strange chamber, Signor, at the moment of Zojas’s awakening, and could you have known how Zojas would stain those blue uniforms with red——”

“Zojas would have lain there to all eternity,” I broke in vehemently. “I’d have strangled him with his cursed red kerchief as he lay there, rather than let him live to murder the King!”

“It would have been the act of a coward to kill a sleeping man——” I shrugged my shoulders wearily.

"And it would have been treachery to your dead uncle, for——"

"But it would have been loyalty to my King. As to my uncle's experiment, what use can be made of the facts, now, the laboratory gutted by the men you call comrades, the secret for making the potion, the great man's notes, his instruments destroyed? Nothing remains of the great work,—but you," I concluded bitterly.

He laughed softly, unpleasantly. "Nothing but me,—and you wish not even Zojas were left of it all?"

"Most heartily."

"Yet, Signor, you should not quarrel with Zojas for living. You, yourself, set the liquor there, and you——"

"I regret it with all my soul; I'd undo it if I could."

"And then,—your own life? What of that? The people would have torn you to pieces had they been foiled in capturing the King." Again I shrugged my shoulders. "Look," he said suddenly rising and walking about the room, "what good was there in your King? He was weak, a coward, not fit to live."

"What can you know," I retorted, "of the King?"

"You are right, Signor, in that. I know only of your King what my comrades tell me; but I knew another King, his grandfather. It is my King, the grandfather, that I help to kill when I slay your King. He is dead, unluckily; but Zojas would give up this new life of his, which is sweet with liberty and power and pleasure, could he but make that wicked old King feel what your King has felt. The old King, with his huntsmen in green and gold, their whips and dogs (who were better fed than we), his gilded carriages, his mistresses blazing in jewels, his courtiers flat on their servile bellies before him, and his cruel self fine in silks and velvets,

grasping the last bit of hard bread, the last weak stoup of wine in the peasant's hut, taking and taxing and taxing that his stomach might burst with dainties while we starved or sickened on food the cattle disdained, that he might have another marble palace while our wretched huts caved in, that his soft bed might be softer while we lay on damp straw, that his armies might be victorious abroad and he be called the Great King, that his San Marco should be a royal, beautiful city, fit for such a great king, while in the country, the roads were mire, the ditches dry, the bridges rotting, the fields waste, the towns ruined, the peasants living like rats ('Vermin that they are!') said the courtiers of our Great King), that his sons and daughters might have a train as royal as his own, while our bare-legged children worked in the fields and begged and starved, and became bandits like me or women like Giulia, that a horde of beggarly counts and dukes and princes might dance on our bowed backs! Our Great King! Our Great King! Ah, Signor, could you have lived in those days and been one of us! Could you have been seen men murdered slowly and lawfully by the King's fine gentlemen, could you have seen how they flogged us, robbed us, betrayed us, dragged from us everything to our last bit, sold us—we were slaves, things to wager over a game of cards, or to be presented with fine speeches to a beautiful woman, whose agent might squeeze and stint and rob us and his employer, and so fatten and thrive on our misery. Down with the King! say I. Death to all kings! With all his heart is Zojas glad, glad, glad to kill, at least, the weak, womanish grandson for the Great King's fault."

Just as he stopped speaking there was a tap at the door and a soldier

entered. He said a few words rapidly and in a low tone to Zojas, saluted and left the room.

"I thought," I said ironically, "that you had sworn death to the Guards?"

"To the old Guards, the King's Guards, yes. The new Guards are my comrades; Zojas is their captain, their chosen leader,—or was till a moment ago. And now——"

"Now?" I repeated curiously.

He laughed. "Zojas will trust you, Signor, with a great secret. War has just been declared and Zojas marches to the front, not as Captain of the Guards, but as General of the Division of the West."

#### X.

You know, Raffaello, everybody now knows what Zojas did on the frontier, what a fiend he was in war, how untiringly vigilant, how ceaselessly active, how his soldiers idolised him, how he won battle after battle, seeming to possess at once a marvellous genius for strategy as well as unparalleled audacity in action. You were still in exile, and you cannot remember how the country went mad over him on his return. The streets were illuminated; a mass of shouting, applauding people filled every avenue leading to the great square, and as Zojas on his great black horse rode by, the enthusiasm, the cries, the cheers—I have never witnessed any sight to equal it.

The cortege passed the White Palace (which, you know, had been turned into a prison, after the mob destroyed the famous old jail) and from my window I could look down upon the strange, thrilling spectacle. Once I fancied Zojas glanced up at my window and lifted his plumed cap, respectfully yet mockingly; then the crowd streamed on and I was left

alone to ask myself whether I was yet dreaming, or whether my brain had indeed been turned by misfortune,—as I have discovered my jailers think, or pretend to think.

Zojas came to me on the following evening.

I can see one reason for the man's unbounded popularity; he seems able, chameleon-like to reflect, to concentrate in himself, the popular sentiments and ideals. When the maddened people burst all bonds and from their awed, childish respect for nobility, for the great and worthy things of earth, leaped to the other extreme of contempt for and hatred of everything civilised, this bandit, this monstrosity, this criminal, a condemned felon, an unreal being who exists only by a miracle, this man falling from nowhere, yet falling by the strangest chance upon his feet, was, though he knew it not, their ideal. He was quick, brave, a born actor, an experienced fighter, without respect for law or liberty or human life, Nature's own Red Republican, an outlaw by instinct, by breeding, by profession. He follows his instinct and it leads him,—you and I may not live to see it, but who can misread the signs of the times?

Now that with the passing years the revolution has subsided, and with it its exaggerated notions of equality, its absurd levelling theories, its impracticable ideas fit only for Utopia or Bedlam, the standard of popular taste improves and one is permitted again to be, not a gentleman as yet, nor a courtier, but a soldier with all the dignity and superiority the soldier's profession may attain.

The entry of Zojas into my chamber was a case in point. All at once, I hear a quick roll of drums, a smart clap of lowered bayonets, a word imperiously spoken, and the door flies open. Enter General Zojas, tall,

handsome, martial,—I had almost said noble, for the man is changed. I swear I know him not, save for the familiar cast of countenance which I have looked on, in repose, for half a century, for the dark, brilliant, commanding eyes which see everything at once, the fine poise of the shoulders and the mountaineer's elastic step with which the man comes to my side. For I will not rise to honour this mountebank, this pretender!

He notes the omission, as he notes everything, ascribing it immediately to its proper motive, and smiles grimly. "Not yet content to let the old King die, Signor!" he asks standing and looking down from his fine height upon me.

I shake my head. "I'm too old a man to change,—General," I add sarcastically.

"And why not General?" he asks flushing and looking more like his old self. "Name a general who is a better soldier, who has done more for his country than Zojas, whose name means more to the enemy, whose men would do more for him than mine have done, ay, and will do for me."

"Yet your popularity will all go to pieces some day,—the day my tale is told."

He threw himself into a chair. "It is a madman's tale——"

"Then it is you," I interrupted angrily, "who have told the jailers——"

"What was I to do?" he asked softly. There was something sly and cat-like about him now. "Think of the chance I had, think what I have made of it, and what I intend to make of it. Should Zojas risk this fine, new life, when the tide is running all his way, instead of beating him back at every turn as in that other life, on the chance of an old man's holding his tongue?"

"But that old man will find a way to defeat you yet," I muttered.

"No one will believe you."

"Can they not hunt up the old records to find out Zojas's identity? Ah, no, the jail, the old jail,—I remember; but will they not believe my uncle's written statement?"

"You have it still? Anything you may ask, Zojas will give for that," he said impetuously, stretching forth his hand.

"My freedom?"

He shook his head. "Zojas would deserve no more favours from Fate, did he do so foolish a thing as that. If you go free, Signor, what is your first act?"

"To stir people up against you, to repeat my tale to exiled friends,—who'll believe every word Paolo Rossi utters, though ten thousand bribed physicians of the Republic should declare him mad—to bring about an invasion, to restore the monarchy, to do with you what should have been done one hundred years ago,—the gallows!"

"If you were not of his family," he said starting to his feet with such fury in voice and glance and gesture that for a moment I quailed before him, "I'd have your tongue cut out, cursed aristocrat!" His face was livid and, despite my own excitement, I dared not meet his eyes. For a long time he paced up and down, up and down, till at length, turning sharply, he stood again beside me. "Listen," he said quietly: "the King is dead. No Luigi Rossi, even if he lived, could bring him back to life. The country is quiet. Would you have civil war? With Zojas dead, who can satisfy the people? Your puny King's puny son? Never! The Republic will not become a kingdom for such a king. The people have risen, the river has overflowed its banks; now the flood is stilled



once more, but no weak-armed boatman, no woman-king shall ever ride the troubled waters again. If there be a king——"

"It will be Zojas," I murmured ironically, but quite at random.

He started, but said smiling: "And when Zojas shall be King, then shall Rossi be Prime Minister."

"When Zojas shall be King," I said bitterly, "haply there'll be no Rossi left on earth."

"Nay, nay," he said lightly, "the time may not be so far off. In new governments it is the army that names the ruler, and the army,—ask the first boy in the streets,—it is Zojas. And you Rossis cling long to life; he lived, they say, many years. Come, tell me about him, my old comrade. All that the world knows of the great Rossi, Zojas has learned; but, Signor, a truce for a time, what say you? Zojas would know everything, one who lived so near, and was so well beloved, must know. Tell me about him, all you remember; and then,—you have friends, Signor, in exile, in prison, whose palaces have been taken by the government; is there not one among them who is dear to you? Ask for him what you are too proud to ask for yourself."

And so, Raffaello, I thought of you, and before long I found myself talking to this enemy of mine, of my country, and of my dead King, in a fashion rarely intimate for a reserved old bear like me. Ah! strange, isn't it? But in that glowing, interested face before me, in the quick, almost tender comprehension that leaps to his eye when I speak of my uncle, even before the words fall from my lips, in a certain personal pride with which he hears of the man's greatness of soul, his gentle modesty, his faithful, simple, grand old age, I seem to see in Zojas my uncle Luigi's son, the product of his body as he is of

his mind, the child who might just so have cherished and revered his name. You know how I love to talk of my uncle; a sort of vanity is in it, my enemies have said, by which I hope to shine in the reflected light of his greatness; yet when Zojas is the listener I need no apology, for his pleasure and pride are as great in listening as are mine in narrating.

And Raffaello, see how one weakens as he ages! Here am I in prison (yet, to be honest, my jailer is but my loyalty to a dead King, and, I fear, a dead cause,) and day after day comes my great enemy to visit me, and we talk,—not always of Uncle Luigi, nay, oftener of statecraft, of history, of governments, of noted men, of great rulers and the secrets of governing as well as of the mistakes which have cost kings their thrones. And though I feel that as he sits opposite me, observing and attentive, this man young in book-lore but old in experience and in handling men, his wits sharpened by peril and outlawry, his naturally keen mind quickened and stirred by the great events through which he is passing (himself a great factor in these great changes) and the opportunity no one sees better than he, which this ploughing up of our old soil gives to the young, vigorous sprout to spring up and crowd out the old stock,—though I feel, I say, that this man, with his wonderful faculty for absorbing and digesting knowledge, is drawing from my old head the wisdom stored up from half a century passed among books and diplomatists, courtiers and kings; though I can see his mind grow and develope like a tree placed in new ground, yet is there something which piques and attracts me in this powerful, virgin mind, untainted by idle theories, ignorant of commonplace, stereotyped argument, undulled by routine study and unbent by uncon-

genial application, which moves straight upon its object, unhampered by rule or precedent, with a natural wealth of metaphorical speech, a freshness of illustration, an undaunted self-confidence, a simple, forceful, logic that puts me on my mettle.

He stands apart from his contemporaries, as it were, upon a pedestal of his life a century ago, to us a barren recital, often-told, but to him a living experience; and he weighs the events of to-day with a mind sure in perspective, sound in practical things, and yet audacious by habit and natural bent.

Ah, Raffaello, the most comical sight in this mad world, I think, is old Rossi arguing with Zojas, knowing that he is educating and arming his enemy, yet unable to resist the temptation to battle mentally with this young, barbarian giant, who will,—I see it—be the Carthage to my Rome.

# XI.

I find that although my apartments are most comfortable, my meals well-cooked and well-served, my jailers like well-trained, obedient servants, although I have my books, my wardrobe, lamps, and even flowers, one thing is denied me,—communication with the world. I cannot see my friends nor let them know my state; of them I hear from the journals principally, and it is not pleasant reading. Biagi, whom our King so loved, so loaded with benefits, Biagi will float with the tide; he accepts a post under the new administration. Georgio, who was Minister of War in my time, is also Minister of War for the Republic which he tried to defeat, and failed. Cujus will be pleased to accept his old embassy; his wife and daughters appear at the President's palace. The daughter of Rivardi will marry the son of the parvenu who

struts in my old shoes, and they will live in the gingerbread mansion erected on the spot where the old Rivardi palace stood for centuries. Bah! It almost reconciles me to spending the rest of my years in prison.

Truth to tell, I know not what I would do should I some day be told that I am free. The world I knew, the men I respected, the cause for which I laboured, the habits of my old life,—where are they? I am unfit for this new, this mushroom State which has grown up over the grave of the old.

Zojas sleeps a hundred years while the world slowly ripens for his opportunity; but in a few years the world has swept past, leaving me stranded. Ten years ago I was the King's Prime Minister, a post I had held since the old King's death. I was influential, esteemed, on my own account a little, greatly for my family's sake. I was wealthy, and had wealthy and noble connections, was known personally to every man of importance in San Marco; and now, truly, if this evening Paolo Rossi were to walk the streets from here to the Palace, who would recognise him, or recognising him not be afraid to manifest any sign of friendship for the unchanging foe of the Republic? Nay, I could not even find my way, I fear. Whole streets have been burned, landmarks demolished, beautiful mansions, great historic buildings, priceless works of art, millions upon millions of value lost to the nation, and yet, and yet—Already have our people built up where ruin was, painted beautiful pictures to hide the space where hung the old, created anew the things of luxury, planted trees where trees were torn up by the social hurricane. Yes, deeper scars than those Nature or even a State may carry, the wounds of the human heart, are beginning to

heal. I, myself, am spoken of (when not utterly forgotten) as more Catholic than the Pope, an old bear who nurses his sore head and growls at others that they do not do likewise.

And who has worked this great change? Who has brought peace and order out of anarchy and civil war? Who but Zojas! Zojas, who was content to be one of three Directors when peace was declared, but who now is three in one,—the State, the Army, the Legislature. A powerful trinity!

This strange being who has passed through thirty years' mental growth in ten, whose every step has been in advance, who is unhampered by social ties or previous policy, who knows intuitively and works inexorably, who feels but one passion, ambition, and bends his whole superhuman energy, and his country's, to attain it,—what can withstand him? He might be wrecked by a confidant, but he trusts no one,—save perhaps me. He might be overthrown by a jealous rival, but the terror that his name inspires makes that improbable. He might be slain by a frantic anarchist, or some old unreconciled loyalist, but the entire nation is his body-guard. The people adore him. About him there has grown a superstitious idea, which grovelling peoples have from time immemorial loved to associate with their ruler. The people's choice must be king by grace of God, or he must be God himself, to be worthy to rule so great and good a creature as the many-headed monster, I presume! They will trample upon and defile their god if he be not stronger than they; but if he ride them mercilessly, if he spare not the whip and the spur, then jog they contented along. It is for the master to consult his own pleasure.

So in the ignorant peasants' mind, the mysterious, sudden appearance of

Zojas upon the fateful day of the King's capture, has about it something magical. God has sent them a leader; therefore he, himself, must be god-like. Zojas knows this, and fully appreciates the advantages which, in the common mind, accrue to one who is surrounded by mystery. Though he laughed when I taunted him with it, yet do I know this is an additional reason to him for keeping me here.

Since his elevation the world has grown curious about Zojas. Yet nothing as to his ancestry can be traced,—the old jail with its records was destroyed, you know. There is no babbling companion of his immaturity to destroy the illusion which surrounds the hero, no fond relative to make the great man ridiculous, no records or memoirs to blot or cheapen his fame, no time of probation, when he starved or begged or curried favour, to bring him nearer to humanity. And so he stands aloft, apart in a golden maze of success and glory, a being very human but god-like, a leader, an avenger. And his fame will grow greater with the passing years: he will be judged wholly upon the enduring strength and excellence of his achievements; and not even I can gainsay these.

When last Zojas came to me, in the evening as usual, he brought with him plans for the restoration of the old Rossi palace. It will be built upon the old site, and is to be at once an advanced school of science and a monument to my uncle Luigi. *A Monument to Luigi Rossi, erected by Zojas*; such is the inscription that will stand over the great wrought-iron gates. My uncle's fame will live for centuries,—though the world may never know his most wonderful achievement—and his name linked with that of Zojas shall go ringing down the silent corridors where lesser great men lie forgotten.

"To-morrow the architect shall come to consult with you, Signor," said Zojas. "It pleases you?"

"Yes," I answered slowly; "yet no more than it pleases you, I fancy."

He laughed out boyishly at this. "And what will the world say of the man who builds a monument to one Rossi while he keeps the other imprisoned?" he asked.

"Nothing," I replied; "the people have forgotten Paolo Rossi."

"Yet did Paolo Rossi wish to remind them——"

"He might take service under a man whose life is forfeit to the State, who cheats justice with every breath he draws, who, while he lives——"

"Oh, enough! Surely Zojas is losing his wits when the whole world's applause tastes bitter upon his lips, while one old man refuses to absolve him!" he cried rising to his feet in anger. "And, after all, who has consecrated you priest? Has Paolo Rossi never sinned, is there no weight on his conscience, is he so sure of every thought, of every act? Or is it not because the law has always been behind his hand that he does not question his own guilt? Imagine Paolo Rossi," he hurried on, "with his ability to play upon men, of which his old associates still speak, to pit one against the other and so gain his point, with all his love for power and place and ease and luxury! Is he so great that, had he been denied these things he craved so ardently, he would have refrained from bending others to his will, from twisting the law if he could, and failing that, defying it? What, too, of the rebellion in the West and Rossi's manner of suppressing it, what of the tales they tell of matters of policy so dark, so dishonourable——"

"They lie then," I interrupted angrily. "I served my King faithfully; I worked for him as a man of

the world, not as a dreamer with impracticable ideals. But no man lives who can point to a stain upon Rossi's name."

"Nor lives there the man who can find aught to blemish the name of Zojas."

"Bah! You quibble," I exclaimed petulantly.

"Stay a moment. You yourself, Signor Rossi, my inveterate enemy, my bitterest critic, my unappeasable foe, tell me,—in the past ten years can you name one action of Zojas, which, did you know nothing of that first life, would prevent your taking his hand?"

"But I do know that life, and——"

"And so did Luigi Rossi."

"But could he have foreseen the future, despite his thirst for fame, his keen interest in his great experiment, his hope of benefiting mankind, he would have sacrificed all rather than let loose a man like yourself to——"

"And yet these were his words; Zojas hears them now as he heard them that last night, when Rossi opened his warm heart and his great mind to a condemned murderer. Listen; these words were the last Zojas heard before he lay down for his long sleep,—well might he remember them! 'Man, it hath long appeared to me, is but the creature of his time and of his opportunities. You,' said he to me, 'that are at war with all that lawfully exists, are, it may be, but the revolt of a nature born in unpropitious times, the twisted growth of a seed whose planting-time came too late or too soon. There must be room for all men. He that lives and dies a criminal to-day, might have lived and died a martyr, a saint, a benefactor, had chance so willed it that his soul had found or might find its rightful place. In you I seem to see the energies, the natural power,

which, properly directed, might have benefited your fellow-men. Fate hath strangely ordered it that the water which might have turned the wheels of many mills, which might have flowed on peacefully making a green and smiling country, shall dash itself madly against its boundaries overflowing and desolating the land. Should this work of mine, by some great good-fortune, prosper, it may be that the stream will find its proper course, and that the gifts, with which Nature has so richly endowed you, be returned to her and spent in her service.'"

He had been standing as he spoke, and for a moment after he had finished, Zojas stood in silence, considering the words, yet waiting too for my reply. But I could not speak; my uncle's words delivered with that intensity of speech, that picturesque manner which characterised Zojas's every utterance, seemed to be vivified and full, thrilling with significance. In his earnestness, unconscious, himself, of mimicry, Zojas had spoken in my uncle's very voice, the voice I had not heard for more than half a century; and as I sat overcome with emotion, Zojas left the room.

I have not seen him since. Our strange sort of companionship, which has lasted so many years and which was made up of such various elements, is at an end. And, looking back, I am at a loss to know what element was strongest; whether it was enmity, or the interest the teacher feels in the pupil whose genius makes work a pleasure, whether it was admiration for the man's power to accomplish, to realise his dreams, or whether it was mutual interest, a fitness he to govern and I to be the instrument of his genius, a common object which, in other circumstances, might have made us two fellow-workers.

My life has become more lonely,

more contracted since then, and it is partly to lighten the tedium of the long hours that I have, from time to time, written this memoir.

To-morrow is the day fixed for the dedication of the Rossi monument. Something in Zojas's manner, the last time I saw him, assures me that he meditates some surprise for that date. The man is clever enough to see the value of a good situation, and each step he has taken towards his goal has been marked by what in another would be a somewhat vulgar theatricalism, but in Zojas seems but the proper setting for a classical drama, the manifestation of an intensely dramatic, picturesque nature.

What will be the end? I shall not live to see it, yet certain am I that rest, satiety, the peaceful, quiet pleasures of content are not for such a being as Zojas. Where he will find scope for his active mind, in what direction his restless, craving intellect will develop, whether he will further aggrandise our country or relentlessly impoverish it, whether he will sacrifice the people or lead them on to greater victories,—my poor old brain refuses to answer. The man has lived but forty years, yet who will dare to set a limit to the height to which he may rise? He can look back upon no failure, and though he lack the experience misfortune so plentifully bestows upon her child, yet is he undaunted by dampening possibilities. His arm, his brain are not paralysed by the thought of defeat; he knows it not. For him the result will be, must be success; the only question is, to what issues.

I sit here a prisoner; yet the one free man in our unhappy country of voluntary slaves who realise not their servitude, for I dare speak the truth. Either I am indeed mad or my countrymen are blinded, fas-

cinated, enthralled by this strange being, whom a stranger chance has brought to rule over them.

As I sit here in the melancholy twilight, half-dozing, half-dreaming,—for I am old and world-weary—a messenger enters with all ceremony. He is from Zojas, I can see. Trust the parvenu ruler to be a greater stickler for form than the son of a hundred kings! He hands me a paper. The note is short; only a few words, yet to me how full of significance! I had not expected it so soon, yet so old a statesman might have foretold more accurately.

"The answer is, 'No,'" I say to the messenger, and he bows and withdraws.

I see what the morrow's surprise is to be; I know why he has chosen to-morrow. He wishes to link himself closer to my uncle's name. He has an almost superstitious reverence

for the great man whose creation, so to speak, he is. Ah, my country, may that reverence influence the man in whose hands thy destiny lies! May it soften the savagery of his nature! May it broaden the intellect which hath built up fame for itself in raising thee from thy humiliation! May it make him less a conqueror and more a father to his people! May it refine and elevate a nature which,—even I must admit it,—which lacks so little, now that the sun of success sweetens and sanctifies it, to render it truly great!

I smooth the little paper over my knee, as I sit here alone and lonely, folding my dressing-gown about me, for the sun is gone and the evening air is chill to old blood. And when the lights are brought, I read the words once again, bitterly, sneeringly, yet wistfully:—

"Will Rossi be Prime Minister?"

THE END.



## NATIVE RULE IN BRITISH WEST AFRICA.

WEST AFRICA is sub-divided into a vast number of petty States, whose languages, manners, and customs differ more or less from each other, and whose limits vary in size, from the territory comprising many thousands of square miles to the tiny principality that measures barely ten miles in circumference. In the words of Sir Richard Burton: "Kingdoms, in this part of Africa, are not unlike those of England, when she numbered sixteen of East Saxons, fourteen of East Angles, and seventeen in Kent, while kings are like those of Ireland in the days of St. Patrick, when two hundred were killed in one battle."

Native Rule in West Africa will soon become a thing of the past. Already, in the districts bordering the Gold and Slave Coasts, where British or other foreign authority has been firmly established, the kings and chiefs have been shorn of all power, and their rank is only barely recognised when the small amount of influence which they still possess over their people is found to be of some use to the Government in an emergency.

In the Protected territories, which form the immediate *hinterland* of the Gold Coast and Lagos colonies, the native rulers still possess a certain amount of authority, and their rights and privileges are treated with some show of consideration. These monarchs, however, have no longer power of life and death over their subjects, and all grave criminal offences have been placed beyond their jurisdiction. Their relations with neighbouring tribes are entirely governed by the authorities

on the seaboard, and they are allowed to take no steps which might jeopardise the interests of the factories on the coast.

Even further away in the interior, in the practically unknown lands lying beyond the confines of that shadowy area known as a Sphere of Influence, it is difficult now to find a dominion ruled by a monarch who can claim to be really independent. The whole of the seaboard of West Africa, from Morocco to the Cape, has been parcelled out between the Powers of Europe. The British, the French, the Germans, and the Portuguese claim every inch of the pestiferous coast, with the exception of Liberia, and their agents are rushing about, here and there, in the various *hinterlände*, making treaties with this chief and that, which may some day be produced, like trumps, when claims to a town or district are called into question. To get beyond the nebulous sphere of influence which France claims in the far interior, one would have to go as far north from the Gulf of Guinea as the regions of the Western Soudan, to points so distant from the ocean as to be no longer West Africa, and whose inhabitants are of a higher type than the negro tribes who inhabit the fringe of the continent. Such realms as those of Sokoto, Borgu, and other territories watered by the Upper Niger and its tributaries are offshoots of the Arab and Moorish systems, and their manners, customs, and forms of government differ greatly from those to which this paper relates.

By right of conquest, long tenure,

or purchase Great Britain now finds herself in undisputed possession of the entire seaboard of the Gold Coast. One after another, the foreign traders, whose forts and factories had been dovetailed into ours, all along the four hundred miles of coast, during the last two centuries, found themselves undersold and outwitted by our more enterprising adventurers, and, one by one, they sold or ceded to us their forts and factories. The first to go, as they had been the first to come, were the Portuguese, who, in 1637, were driven out of their castle at Elmina by the famous De Ruyter; and on this point Bosman, a Dutch writer of the eighteenth century, quaintly says of them, regarding their colonial enterprises: "They served for setting-dogs to spring the game, which, as soon as they had done, was seized by others." The French left but few lasting traces of their presence on the Gold Coast. The Danes also gradually found themselves unable to compete with us, and in 1850, in exchange for the sum of £10,000, they handed over to Great Britain all their rights and settlements. Finally, in 1871, the Dutch finding that their trade languished in the same ratio as ours increased, made over to us, in consideration of certain concessions in the East Indies, Elmina and the other forts which they still held on the Gold Coast. By this transaction Great Britain obtained an unbroken line of authority along the whole seaboard, from the Tano river on the west to the Afflao country on the east, with the usual claims over the *hinterland* in the interior.

Dahomey and Ashanti, before their recent fall, represented the two most striking types of independent rule in West Africa. In the case of Dahomey, save where restricted by the customs of Fetish, the power of

the tyrant was overwhelming. He was the State; the revenue belonged to him, and he spent it as he liked; in fact, property of all kinds was vested in him and was only held by his subjects at his pleasure. This theory was pushed to such a degree that parents were held to have no right to their own children, and a man attempting to commit suicide was found guilty of a criminal act, on the ground that he was damaging the property of the king. The tyrant could claim the life of any person at any time, but there is reason to believe that this privilege was not carried to extremes. The victims required for the periodical Customs of Agbomey, held in memory of the king's ancestors, were usually provided by criminals found guilty of death, or by captives taken in war with neighbouring nations. We are told that constant expeditions were dispatched against the less warlike Yorubas and Egbas for the express purpose of supplying the hundreds of victims required to "water the grave" of the king's father, and the lives of these wretches were in constant demand. It has been estimated that at least four hundred persons were slain, in ordinary years, at Agbomey, merely to convey Gelele's messages to his defunct relatives. The most trivial occurrences were reported to the inhabitants of Dead-land, even such as a change of residence from one palace to another. "Frequently too," says Colonel Ellis in his book on the Ewe-speaking peoples, "it occurs to the king that he has omitted something which he wished to add to his message, and this has to be confided to a new messenger who at once follows the first." Dahomey has now fallen into the clutches of France. Its king is, fortunately, no longer master of his own actions, and his power has dwindled to that of a

puppet in the hands of the French officials.

At the commencement of this century, the Ashanti empire stretched from the borders of Dahomey on the east to Gaman on the west, and from Koranza on the north to the narrow strip of coastline on the south inhabited by Fanti tribes who remained under the more or less feeble protection of the European forts that dotted the seaboard. The dominion, however, had none of the elements of stability, being composed of an agglomeration of tributary States which had succumbed to an Ashanti conqueror, and whose interests were nearly all opposed to those of the dominant power at Coomassie. Rebellions were of frequent occurrence and periods of complete peace were unknown.

Lord Wolseley's expedition in 1873 showed the rottenness of the State, and so soon as the overthrow of King Kofi Kari-kari appeared to be assured, all the great tributaries at once threw off the hated yoke, and either asserted their independence or were induced to accept our protectorate. It is to be regretted that, in the interests both of humanity and trade, the centre of the Ashanti kingdom itself was not also at the same time incorporated in our dominions. The capital, Coomassie, with the surrounding country, was suffered to remain independent, and though Kari-kari's successors were our nominees, they gradually withdrew more and more from our influence until, two years ago, King Prempeh became once more a menace to his weaker neighbours. Recent events on the Gold Coast are still fresh in our memories, and everyone remembers how, in 1896, an expedition, under Sir Francis Scott, was dispatched to Coomassie, resulting in the complete overthrow of the Ashanti ruler, Prempeh, and his de-

portation from the scene of his ambitions. The whole extent of the ancient kingdom of Ashanti is now included in the Gold Coast Protectorate; a fortified building is being erected at Coomassie, and a Resident has been appointed who practically governs the country.

The Ashanti system of government appears to have been based on clearly defined and stable principles. The despotism of the monarch did not equal that of the tyrant of Dahomey, and the power of the king depended largely on his military prowess or on the success of his arms under the command of generals upon whose devotion he could count. Though there was, of course, no written law, the oral statutes, transmitted through many generations by the mouths of the Linguists, clearly defined the privileges of the king and the rights of the people. The king, though endowed with absolute powers in all matters of domestic administration, was mainly influenced in his foreign policy by the views of the aristocracy and the Assembly of *caboceers* and captains. Succession to the throne, or Stool, as it is called in West Africa, was by hereditary descent through the female line. This peculiar law of succession, which is found in many parts of Africa as well as among certain tribes in India, was probably adopted for reasons that are obvious. In countries where polygamy is so universal, the amount of royal blood in the veins of the king's sons may be open to doubt, while the child of the sovereign's own sister by the same mother is naturally sure to belong, more or less, to the right strain. The blood of the monarch, or of any member of the royal family, could not be shed for any offence; but this did not prevent the king's relatives from being strangled or drowned, and at Coomassie a special officer was

appointed to throw royal offenders into the river Dah.

There does not appear to have been any regular form of taxation, and the imposts on the people were regulated by the requirements of the monarch and the exigencies of the time. Collectors were appointed, from time to time, who were termed Masters of the Street. They posted themselves on the frequented roads and, stretching a line across the path, forced every travelling trader to pay toll. An important source of revenue to the king of Ashanti lay in the soil of the great market place at Coomassie. Gold dust being the principal medium of exchange, tiny particles of the precious metal would naturally be scattered in the process of measuring and weighing. Once a year the earth in the market was carefully washed for the benefit of the king, and the amount of gold gathered in this way sometimes amounted to several hundred ounces. Any one detected in surreptitiously extracting gold dust from the public square incurred the penalty of death. The king of Ashanti also claimed all nuggets found in his dominions, and was heir to the gold ornaments of every subject. He was, however, liable to considerable charges in contributing to funeral expenses, and his exactions usually found their way back to his people in the shape of handsome presents and ostentatious *largesses* expected at the celebration of every great Custom.

Though for more than a century the empire of Ashanti was the predominating power in West Africa, most of its provinces were but loosely attached to the central authority at Coomassie. The great feudatories of Gaman, Koranza, Wassaw, Aowin, Akim, Akwamu, and Kwahu were in constant revolt, and the authority of the sovereign was only maintained

by repeated invasions of the tributary States followed by punitive measures on a barbarous scale. After a successful war, the conquered prince or his successor was, however, nearly always allowed to retain a measure of independence, and Ashanti garrisons were seldom maintained in the new province. The suzerainty of the king at Coomassie was acknowledged by an annual tribute and a military contingent in time of war. It is consequently no matter for surprise that after the first great reverse in 1873 the Ashanti empire at once lost all cohesion and fell into fragments.

Having glanced at the broad lines upon which Native Rule was, till recently, carried on in the two greatest independent States in West Africa, let us now observe how far that system has been modified in those principalities which have become virtually incorporated within the British dominions, but whose chiefs still retain a measure of independence.

For administrative purposes the British West African settlements have been divided into a considerable number of districts, whose limits, however, rarely agree with those of the native States. In the case of the Gold Coast, the base of each district is, generally speaking, the seaboard, and the authority of each District Commissioner is usually delimited by two straight lines, running northward, from the eastern and western boundaries on the shore, to points in the interior which are more or less indefinite. Under the direct influence of the officials stationed in the various districts on the coastline, the native political divisions, in their near neighbourhood, are fast fading into insignificance. Native Rule there has been cramped and curtailed to such an extent that it may be said to have practically disappeared, and to obtain some idea of the political economy of

a West African State under a ruler who still retains a measure of independence, we must turn to one of the kingdoms in the Gold Coast Protectorate, where the rights and privileges of the Head of the State are still treated with some show of consideration.

Leaving the recently acquired Ashanti out of the question, the most important States that are comprised in the Gold Coast protectorate are the former vassals of that fallen empire, to wit, Akim, Akwapim, Sefwi, Wassaw, Denkera, and Kwahu. In these countries, the power and privileges of the ruler may still be taken as typical of the West African aboriginal form of government. The kings have, of course, lost all control over their foreign relations, and their judicial powers have been considerably restricted in dealing with great crimes. In other matters, however, the power and attributes of the native rulers have been but slightly interfered with, and they remain much as they may have been before the advent of missionaries, traders, and British policemen.

The States, mentioned above, cover a considerable area, and support populations varying from thirty thousand to five times that number. These principalities lie in the dense forest that stretches from the swampy seaboard on the Gulf of Guinea to the rolling plains of the Kong country, north and east of Ashanti. Their soil is of marvellous fertility and their mineral wealth has been the theme of every traveller and official who has visited them.

Land in West Africa is nearly everywhere held in common, each man cultivating as much or as little as he desires. Owing to the great aversion of the negro to hard manual labour, and to the gradual abolishment of the condition of slavery, the mar-

vellous fertility of the soil is turned to but slight account, and each man simply cultivates a plot of land large enough to provide food for his own family. If a native hanker after the possession of a gun or of a handsome cloth, he can easily provide himself with the necessary means of purchase by killing a few score of the black long-haired monkeys that people the forest, and whose skins find a ready sale in the factories on the coast; or he and his women may tap the groves of rubber-trees which abound in their neighbourhood, and sell to the trader the black balls of gutta-percha known to commerce as Accra biscuits. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof" appears to be the motto of the West African, and he has no inducement to accumulate wealth by the sweat of his brow. The possession of more money than may suffice for his own simple wants would attract to him the importunities of relatives to the remotest degree, and whatever they left would soon be squeezed out of him by the king and chiefs. It consequently follows that though the Gold Coast protected territories teem with the possibilities of wealth, both agricultural and mineral, they still remain virgin lands waiting for the energy of an alien race.

The form of government in these native States is, in most cases, that of a limited monarchy. Unless endowed with a great personality and much force of character, the king is merely a figure-head, and his authority in the State finds itself circumscribed at every point by the dominant influence of his principal chiefs and feudatories. Frequently he plays the part of the *roi fainéant*, while the *maire du palais* is to be found in the Queen-Mother assisted by a favourite. A Council of State, composed of the most influential chiefs and *caboceers*, who are said to be attached to the Stool, form a Board

of Control, whose deliberations invariably shape the king's policy in any matter of importance. He can do nothing without the sanction of this council, and any ruler attempting to disregard its desires would, unless strongly backed by a popular party, find himself speedily deposed and definitely removed. All outward court is, however, paid to the person of the king, and his palace of mud with its grimy courtyards full of wives, slaves, and idle retainers constitutes a sphere of which he is absolute master.

Succession to the Stool usually follows the same order as in Ashanti, and in consequence of this tortuous line of inheritance, the sons of a ruling monarch are held in little account and have no claim to succeed their father. The Salic law is in force in most kingdoms, but there are notable exceptions, such as in the case of Akim, where the ruler is, or recently was, a woman.

There is rarely any form of general taxation in a Native State, and there is consequently no regular revenue. There are no public works, and the few roads that exist are merely narrow paths winding through the forests, barely wide enough for the passage of travellers walking in single file. Every pound of rubber and every gallon of palm-oil extorted from West Africa is carried down from the interior to the factories on the seaboard upon the heads of human beings. It is only in a few localities that water-carriage may be used, and when it is considered that, in spite of the absence of transport facilities, the exports from the Gold Coast and Lagos alone already amount to an annual value of nearly three millions sterling, one may judge of the immense trading possibilities of these undeveloped lands when railways and good roads shall have opened their markets to the enterprise of our manufacturers. Hitherto the British

authorities in West Africa have contented themselves with encouraging the native rulers to do something towards keeping the main trade-roads to the coast in a passable condition by the annual payment to them of sums averaging ten shillings per mile. This practice has undoubtedly been of some effect, but most of the paths in the interior are merely goose-tracks, which in the wet season become running drains that are quite impassable to a man carrying a heavy load. It is sincerely to be hoped that the projected railroads which have been urged by every West African governor for the last ten years will be energetically proceeded with, as every mile of line completed will show an almost immediate expansion of trade.

The personal revenues of a king are sometimes large, and are derived, in a considerable measure, from the industry and mercantile ability of his wives. He generally owns large plantations of oil-palms, and among many tribes the king can call upon his subjects' labour for two or three days in each month for the cultivation of these estates. Ferriage-rights over large rivers flowing through his dominions are also usually the perquisite of the monarch; but, generally speaking, the main source of his income is derived from the proceeds of his tribunal. He is the Chief Justice of his tribe, and the fees and fines extracted from litigants are frequently extortionate.

In all matters of dispute oaths are sworn by the contesting parties asserting the justice of their contention. In trifling matters the oath of a minor chief would probably be invoked, and the suit may be heard in the petty court which the *caboceer* is authorised to hold in his village. In cases where grave interests are involved and the issue lies between persons of means, the oath of the king would probably



be sworn by the parties concerned. Each chief empowered to hold a court has his own particular oath, and the litigant who is adjudged to have taken it in vain is mulcted in a fee, the amount of which has been regulated by custom, in addition to the fine or penalty which he may have incurred in the case. The tariff for these oaths varies according to the rank and importance of the court trying the case, and while the fee payable to a petty chief in a matter of a trifling dispute or small larceny may only amount to a few heads of cowries, the fees extracted in a king's court are frequently ruinous to both parties, and may force the unsuccessful suitor to pawn himself and his whole family to pay the costs.

The great State oaths, only used in matters of national or capital importance, always refer to some great event in the history of the tribe. Thus the great oath of Ashanti is "*Meminda Kormanti* (Koromantee Saturday)," when in 1731 their great king Osai Tutu was slain by the Akims. The Fanti people swear by the Abra oath, "By the rock in the sea," referring to the rock near Anamabu where the king of Abra and the survivors of his tribe took refuge from the conquering Ashantis. Anyone found to have falsely sworn by *Meminda Kormanti*, would be considered to have declared that the slaughter of King Osai Tutu was a matter of perfect indifference to him, and the penalty would naturally be extreme.

The chiefs are petty princes in their own districts, and are supposed to maintain themselves by the produce of their own lands and the labour of the pawns, or domestic slaves owned by them. Their main income, however, like that of the king, is derived from fees, presents, and bribes extorted from those who

come under their influence. Beyond periodical visits to the capital, on certain occasions connected generally with Fetish ceremonies, these feudatories are seldom brought into contact with the head of the State. They are liable to furnish to the king a certain number of armed men in time of war, but their levies are obliged to provide their own commissariat and transport. The king is also head-chief in his own district, and his position as arbitrator-in-chief places him in a position to extort much higher fees and presents than fall to the lot of his feudatories. Though land in West Africa is considered to be tribal property and held in common, it is vested in the king and chiefs of his Stool, and a considerable source of their income is derived from the gifts of applicants for the soil.

There is probably not a single Native State so poor that its Stool has not a considerable treasure appertaining to it. This treasure is composed of the hoards of generations of rulers, and is looked upon as a war-chest only to be drawn on in times of urgent need. The king cannot touch it without the consent of his *caboceers*, and its place of concealment is only known to two or three individuals who are bound to the greatest secrecy. It has frequently happened that, upon the overthrow of a king and his party, the successful usurper has found his victory a barren one through his inability to discover the place where the national hoard has been deposited. The treasure itself is composed of a variety of valuables, according to the products of the country. It may be either gold-dust, ivory, precious *aggribeads*, or more frequently gold and silver coins which would be current on the seaboard, and with which arms and ammunition might be speedily purchased. Though the king very

rarely draws upon this treasure, especially in those States under our protection, every monarch considers himself bound to increase the hoard during his lifetime, and it is believed that many of these accumulations represent very large sums.

It may be a matter of surprise that so great a number of native States, with large populations, are so effectively maintained in subjection by the small armed force at the disposal of the Colonial authorities. The Frontier Forces, now being organised, will not be utilised in districts that are already thoroughly under our control, and peace has been, for several years, almost continuously maintained throughout the Protectorate with the sole assistance of an armed constabulary numbering barely a thousand men. With the exception of the Fantis, who are traditional cowards, most of the tribes on the Gold Coast are of a warlike disposition, and the fact that all bloodshed is forbidden by the British law is one of their chief causes of discontent. If the various tribes were capable of concerted action, the position of the governing authorities would be one of considerable difficulty, and a large military force would be required to repress disorders. Though wretchedly armed with flint-lock muskets, made in Birmingham and locally known as Long-Danes, the hordes of able-bodied fighting men which could be collected would prove a formidable body, if a combined movement on their part were possible. Fortunately the tribes are almost incapable of concerted action. They are all more or less opposed to each other, and long-standing feuds have made many of them deadly enemies. It is, in fact, the principal business of the Colonial government to keep these jealous tribes at peace, and were it not for the tact and vigilance of the officials, the trade of the country

would frequently be paralysed by inter-tribal wars.

The British governing authorities in West Africa have, so far, however, interfered as little as possible in the internal affairs of the Native States comprised in the Protectorates. Our influence is principally directed towards the maintenance of peace, the freedom of the great trade-routes, and the abolition of human sacrifices. Officials, termed Travelling Commissioners, visit the principal towns at stated intervals, or whenever palavers are threatened. It is the duty of these officers to act as mediators in any serious matters of dispute between rival chiefs, and to prevent, if possible, any recourse to arms which would naturally jeopardise the trading-interests of the factories on the coast. By means of small presents they induce the kings to maintain their principal roads in a passable condition, and their efforts always aim at the development of trade. Keen attention is paid to all reports of human sacrifices, but, in spite of the vigilance of the Government, there is reason to believe that human blood is still sometimes shed to celebrate ancient rites even in localities not far removed from the seaboard. For hundreds of generations these people have been reared in the belief that human sacrifices are indispensable for the propitiation of their gods, and it will take many years to root out the conviction that the absence of such offerings will necessarily be attended by drought, famine, and all sorts of calamities to the tribe. These matters are still under the powerful influence of the cult of Fetish, and even in the potent monarchs of Ashanti and Dahomey, the royal power, on such points, appears to have always been overshadowed by the traditions and influence of the Fetish hierarchy. The

ghastly massacres which marked the annual Customs of Coomassie and Agbomey were not necessarily due to the tyrant's lust for blood, but were gruesome religious rites which the monarch had little or no power of restraining. Burton, Forbes, and other travellers who visited Dahomey with the object of inducing the ruler to refrain from the great human sacrifices, were all informed by the king that the Customs were matters entirely beyond his control; and Gelele assured the white men that he would lose his own head if he ventured to diminish the number of the victims which the people claimed as befitting the solemn occasion and illustrative of the magnificence of the Dahomean empire. Burton very aptly showed that the sudden cessation of human sacrifices by the King of Dahomey might be compared, in its effects, with a sudden order from Her Majesty the Queen that public prayers would no longer be tolerated in England.

Domestic slavery has existed from time immemorial in West Africa, and though it is discouraged as much as possible in those localities where the Colonial authorities have entirely superseded Native Rule, the system must, perforce, be more or less tacitly recognised in the Protected States. The introduction of slaves from countries beyond the borders is, however, a criminal offence, and raids have been practically stamped out. Though all Courts of Law, whether Native or British, are precluded from recognising any relations between master and slave, the species of servitude known as *in pawn* still exists. If a person voluntarily undertakes to serve another for no wage until a debt, or some other obligation, shall have been satisfied, it is difficult to see why or how a Government should interfere. Cases of cruelty to domestic

slaves, or pawns, in our West African possessions, can only be of very rare occurrence, as the remedy always lies ready to the hand of the slave. He has only to report the occurrence to the nearest District Commissioner to ensure his immediate deliverance and the severe punishment of his temporary owner.

Let us now consider the condition of the native chiefs in those parts of our West African territories where our complete authority has been asserted and exercised for many years.

The whole coastline has been subdivided into a number of districts, each administered by an official termed a District Commissioner, under the direction of the Governor-in-Chief at headquarters. These districts comprise within their limits one or more principal towns, but are not necessarily coterminous with the native political divisions. The principal official is usually not only magistrate, but frequently chief revenue-officer, commandant of police, and head of every other department. He is responsible for the good conduct of the entire district, and the Travelling Commissioners generally refrain from acting in his neighbourhood.

We will take, for the sake of illustration, the case of a locality which may heretofore have been considered too unimportant to have a local official staff stationed there. The Native Ruler has hitherto enjoyed all the practical independence of others whose territories lie at such a distance from the governing base that the direct interference of the British authorities has been limited to the passing visit of a Travelling Commissioner, and having kept at peace with his neighbours, he has, so far, never had much reason to complain of any restraint on his prerogatives.

One day, however, he is informed that it is considered advisable, in the

interests of trade, to station a District Commissioner in his country, and that this official shall take up his residence in the king's own capital. The monarch may make no protest, or if he do, his objections will probably be set aside, and in a very short time he finds, firmly established in his own town, a complete staff of officials who calmly proceed to administer his dominions with but scant reference to his own wishes and personal interests. The treaty which he, or his predecessor, signed many years ago is once more brought to his notice, and he is made to understand the full meaning of its provisions. He is reminded that his roads must be maintained in good order, that the jurisdiction of his court is practically limited to civil suits, and that in the eyes of the British law his meanest subject stands in perfect equality with him. These are probably bitter lessons for the protected monarch, but profiting by the experience of his neighbours, whose turn has come before him, he realises the futility of resistance and, in sulky silence, makes the best of his reduced dignity.

When the Commissioner first settles himself in his new district, he finds that his court attracts but few litigants. The law of Great Britain is not understood, or else clashes with native customs which have been consecrated by centuries of usage. For a while the only cases he may get are those brought in by the police, as being beyond the jurisdiction of the king and chiefs, or else petty offences coming under the Towns Police and Public Health Ordinance. If, by chance, a case come before him bearing on points involving Native law and custom, the District Commissioner will probably call in the assistance of the king, and may ask him to sit with him on the bench. Little by little, however, the natives

come to appreciate the firmness and justice of the decisions in the Commissioner's court. They learn, to their surprise, that the costs of a suit do not depend on the amount that can be squeezed out of the litigants by the presiding judge, and that the decisions are not influenced by the size of the bribes offered. Matters involving intricate Native law and Fetish customs may probably still be referred to the courts held by the king and his chiefs, but in most other matters appeal is made to the white man. It therefore follows that the principal source of income, formerly enjoyed by the native ruler, decreases month by month, and his influence over the people pales in like proportion before that of the foreign official.

The king may then be tempted to show his dissatisfaction by an utter disregard for the wishes of the Government respecting the condition of his trade-roads, or perhaps by some more overt act of rebellion. Punishment follows fast; a detachment of Hausa troops will be promptly quartered on his town to enforce the payment of a fine, or, for a minor offence, he may be deprived of the privilege of possessing a prison of his own. The absence of any ostensible power to punish a refractory subject at once reduces the ruler to the level of an ordinary mortal, and his prestige will in future entirely depend on his personal influence and private wealth.

This is the condition to which have come nearly all the titular kings whose dominions lie on the seaboard of the Gold Coast, or in its immediate vicinity. They have lost all reason for their existence, and have been very thoroughly mediatised. Several, who wisely acquiesced with a good grace in the new order of things, are receiving pensions from the Govern-

ment, and some of those whose incomes were not solely derived from the exactions of their law-courts, have turned their attention to trade and are wealthy men. They are still grandiloquently addressed by the title of Majesty, and the late King Gharthey the Fourth of Winneba purchased regalia which were the envy of other sovereigns. Others, who were stiff-necked, have been less fortunate. Their people have fallen away from them, their tribunals are deserted, and naked urchins in the streets do not scruple to address a fallen monarch in opprobrious terms.

And so it was bound to be. The native ruler, in West Africa, must perforce give way everywhere to the white official. Year by year, as the trade of those rich territories becomes developed, the old order of things must pass away. The dusky monarch and the cruel priest of Fetish must, sooner or later, be replaced in every district by the Police Magistrate and the Missionary, and in a few years Native Rule will only be a memory even in those countries which are now included in our Protectorates, and far removed from the present centres of executive authority.

The oft-quoted verdict of the Parliamentary Committee which, in 1865, sat in judgment over the fate of our West African possessions, has been responsible for the apathy of the British Government in dealing, during the last five and twenty years, with these valuable territories. It was then decided that nothing should be done to extend our administrative influence over the peoples of the interior, and that our policy should presage our ultimate withdrawal from

the Coast. In consequence of this decision we have, till quite recently, been content to abide in our establishments on the pestiferous seaboard, and to act as middlemen for the modicum of trade which the indolent natives have thought fit to bring down to us from the fertile countries of the interior. There is every reason to believe that if, instead of dragging out a quinine-fed existence in the poisonous marshes of the coastline, our officials and traders had pushed their way, years ago, into the rich *hinterland* where a hilly country and open plains take the place of swamps and gloomy forests, the trade of the West African settlements would have been ten times what it is to-day. Hundreds of valuable lives might have been saved: our influence in the interior would have been undoubted; and we should have known the possible wealth of the country too well to have allowed the French and Germans to encroach, as they have, upon our legitimate spheres of influence.

Fortunately, before it is too late, a new era is opening for our possessions in West Africa. The backlands of Sierra Leone and Lagos are already being opened by the railroads which have been recommended for years past. The settlements are being considered as among the most valuable of our undeveloped estates, and active measures are at last being taken on the Gold Coast which will speedily lay open a country where, in the words of Burton, "every river is a Pactolus and every hillock a gold-hill."

HESKETH BELL.

## SIR SALAR JUNG'S VISIT TO EUROPE IN 1876.

My official connection with Hyderabad dates from the end of 1867 to the beginning of 1884. In April, 1876, I was deputed by the Government of India to accompany Sir Salar Jung on his visit to Europe as political officer in attendance. It has been suggested to me that a short account of that visit, avoiding politics, might be found interesting to the many persons in England who seem to have scarcely heard of this distinguished Indian. My present object therefore is to let memory act on that suggestion.

Salar Jung's name is a household word in India, and he had a legion of English friends who were greatly impressed by his charming personality. Of Arabian descent he was truly one of Nature's noblemen, besides being the Minister and ruling spirit of the largest, wealthiest, and most powerful of the protected Indian States. During the minority of the present Nizam, from 1868 to the day of his death in 1882, he was, though associated with a colleague, practically Regent of Hyderabad under the general control of the Paramount Power. His high personal character, immense services to the Nizam's dominions, and to the Empire during the great mutiny of 1857, were alone sufficient to procure for him a unique position among Indian statesmen, apart from the charm of his manners. Nothing ever seemed to disturb his equanimity, though he was always on the alert to defeat intrigues in a capital which has been termed the Constantinople of the East, or to interfere with his enjoyment of a joke. Hu-

mour, I suppose, is innate, but it is so rare in an Indian that Salar Jung's love of it may partially be ascribed to his early training in and predilection for European society. An instance occurs to me, as I write, which may amuse my readers. It was the Minister's practice to receive Europeans, who wished to call on him, at breakfast every Friday in his palace. Etiquette prescribed that such calls should be arranged through the Residency, and that one of the Residency Staff should accompany and introduce the visitors. On one of these occasions a gallant Major of a Highland regiment, a typical Scotchman of herculean proportions, selected as a topic of conversation with me the wealth of Hyderabad City, the looting of which he seemed to think would be a grand thing for his regiment if they ever got the chance. In spite of my efforts to change the subject he clung to it, and obliged me to dilate on the loyalty displayed by the State, and by Sir Salar Jung in particular, at the time of the Mutiny. As the Minister only spoke in Hindustani and my services as interpreter were in constant requisition, the few guests present being ignorant of that language, my Highland friend naturally thought that his host had no inkling of what he said. My doubts on the point were soon dispelled by the comical twinkle in Salar Jung's eyes as they met mine. By remarking that our host understood a good deal about English though he did not speak it, I managed to turn the discomfort of my position on to the Major, whose dismay at my hint was too much for



the Minister; Salar Jung looked at me and laughed till the tears came into his eyes. He delighted in the Major's huge form and broad Scotch (which I cannot pretend to reproduce), still more when after breakfast that worthy took an opportunity of addressing the following sentence to his host: "I'm told, Sir Salar [his pronunciation of this word made it rhyme to *valour*], you stood by us in the Mutiny. You're a fine fellow and I honour you for it. But, by G—, if you hadn't the — [mentioning the name of his regiment] would have been into you."

In place of the ceremonial *attar* and *pan* which mark a guest's leave-taking in the East, the Minister used to present two little quaint bottles in which the *attar* was enclosed and sealed so that its perfume might not be too strong for Western taste. When the little bottles were held out on a tray for the Major's acceptance he looked at them curiously and said, "What's this?" On my explaining that he was to take them and pass on, he ejaculated, "I'd sooner have a *doch-an-doris*." Salar Jung begged to know what he meant, so I said jokingly that he evidently thought the little bottles contained something to drink and preferred the old stirrup-cup, which in Scotland went by the name of *doch-an-doris*. Lame as my interpretation of this word was, the Minister's swift intelligence, aided by his observation of the Major's tumbler at breakfast, rose to the occasion. He ordered whisky and soda-water to be brought, and persuaded the Highlander to walk off with the bottles of *attar* as well.

Not long after this it was my privilege to accompany the Minister on a tour in Northern India. At a dinner-party in Government House, Calcutta, a lady said to me, "How well your Nawab speaks English." "Excuse

me," I answered, "he does not speak but understands a good deal about it."

"All I can say is he talked to me for some time last night, and I don't know Hindustani," was her reply. On referring to Salar Jung I found he had been learning English for years and had made up his mind that he would not attempt to speak it, except to his tutor, till he could converse freely and correctly, and had an opportunity of talking to the Viceroy, who was to be the first Englishman to judge of his proficiency. In carrying out this intention he had kept his friends of the Residency and others in the dark. The Highland Major, I may add, is no longer alive to appreciate this little joke.

These preliminary remarks are not altogether irrelevant to my subject, as they show part of the Nawab's equipment for his tour to Europe, which grew out of, or at least took definite shape from the Prince of Wales's visit to India in 1875. After the magnificent reception accorded to him by the natives of India and its aristocracy it was only natural for the Prince and the noblemen on his Staff to encourage a visit to London from perhaps the most striking figure they had met in the East.

The Minister had been persuaded to engage a small ship of the Rubbattino Company, and to take with him a large following amounting to more than fifty persons, including servants before a medical officer of the Hyderabad Contingent and myself were attached to him. This mistake did not add to the comfort of the voyage or of the journey from Naples, especially as very few of the suite had any acquaintance with Western customs or the English language. To stuff cabins with Bombay mangoes and plantains and let them rot, to lie down anywhere unturbaned and in the lightest attire, to have no par-

ticular desire for water except for drinking purposes, to cook their food in the bedrooms of foreign hotels,—these and other eccentricities demanded constant disinfecting powder, and action on my part which was only political in the sense that sanitary maxims cannot be enforced, or hotel-keepers appeased, without a certain amount of diplomacy. The captain of the ship would say, when I urged upon him the claims of discipline and suggested daily washing of the decks: "My orders are to make things comfortable for his Excellency; he has taken the whole ship." His Excellency would bid me give any orders I thought necessary, with an Oriental calm and a smile that betokened a milder view of the necessity.

A hotel-keeper at Naples, pointing to discoloured walls and holes burnt in bedroom-carpets by braziers used for cooking, threw up his hands as he exclaimed: "I shall have to re-paper and re-carpet these rooms; no one can be put into them for some days." Another at Turin, who had witnessed an irruption of Mahomedan servants into his kitchen and did not grasp their design in wishing to see slaughtered, in the manner prescribed by their religion, the chickens to be cooked for their masters, bade me farewell in these words: "Delighted to see you on your next visit, Captain, but come alone, come alone. Never again, never again," he repeated, as I expressed my regret and tried to explain the object of Indians being educated by travel in Europe, winding up with a warm shake of the hand and my usual formula, "You must put it down in the bill." He assured me it was not possible to put it down in the bill.

Lest any one should imagine that experiences of this nature are within the ordinary scope of a Political Officer's duties let me note that they were due to the two Englishmen, who met the

Nawab at Naples, and thereafter acted as his Private Secretary and Financial Agent, being entirely ignorant of Hindustani and new to the Indian suite who often came to me in consequence. In London where the Nawab had his own house, and I was lodged in a hotel at some distance, the case was different.

A brother-in-law of the Nawab and three gentlemen from Hyderabad, Major N. the Commandant of his Regular Troops, a perfect Italian and French scholar who, having been many years in the Austrian Army, was invaluable to us on board-ship and on the Continent, represented, with Surgeon-Major W. and myself, the inner circle of the party which dined and conversed with Sir Salar Jung. After Naples, as above mentioned, Mr. O. and Mr. R. joined this circle, while in the large outer ring of attendants who knew no English the only men of note were three Arab Jemadars of great wealth and influence at the Nizam's capital, barbaric, picturesque persons, whom, it was said, Sir Salar Jung was bringing to Europe partly to please them and partly to prevent mischief among the factions under their command at home. Whether he feared that their allegiance to himself might be tampered with by his enemies if he left them behind I do not undertake to say; I only vouch for their enjoyment of the trip, their good behaviour (except as regards braziers in bedrooms, &c.), and the attention their magnificent costumes and costly weapons excited wherever they went.

Passing over the novelty of a first experience of board-ship, and scenes such as Aden and Port Said had to show, over Mediterranean breezes and sunsets, the delight of the Italian sailors when their native coast came in view and cries of *Reggio di Calabria* broke forth as they fell upon their

knees (this act of thanksgiving made, by the way, a marked impression on the Hyderabadese), the approach to and reception at Naples claim notice as Sir Salar Jung's first introduction to that Western world he had so long desired to see. Raptures over beautiful scenery were not exactly in the line of our Indians. I noticed then and later that they could admire to a certain extent buildings, pictures, statues, relics of former greatness, creations of modern genius, because of the human interest attached to these things; but Nature's handiwork, as opposed to man's, the glory of mountains, valleys, and rivers, aroused no enthusiasm. In fact, the Indian, like the old Roman, has little love for scenery, which is more a result of education than we like to admit. I do not wish to represent Sir Salar Jung and his companions as wholly devoid of the aesthetic sense: he was less so than most educated men of his race; but it is no disrespect to his memory to say he took Pope's view that

The proper study of mankind is man.

That study presented to him at Naples, and again at Rome, a wealth of courtesy and cordiality such as only crowned heads could expect. The populace in the streets, which alluded to him in Paris as *L'Empereur des Indes*, were not alone in believing him to be a sovereign prince, a belief which more than one of his suite was foolish enough to encourage, never dreaming that what got into European newspapers could reach the ears of the Minister's opponents at Hyderabad and furnish ground for the charge that he was aping the position of his master and squandering the State's treasure for personal aggrandisement. He himself never pretended to be other than he was. In a letter

written from Rome on May 5th to Sir Richard Meade, the Resident at Hyderabad, after alluding to "a most complimentary reception on landing at Naples" he notes having had the honour of an interview with "the great General, Count von Moltke," and refers to "a private audience with the King of Italy" (Victor Emmanuel) and meetings in prospect "with the Crown Prince and his beautiful Princess" and "His Holiness the Pope" (Pio Nono). He also mentions having "seen and received great kindness from Her Majesty's Ambassador Sir Augustus Paget."

The interview with Moltke, who was staying in the same hotel as the Nawab and who, aged and shrunken, looked more like an American lawyer than a famous soldier, was a little disappointing, owing to the great man's knowledge of English being wanting in fluency. It was marked by a somewhat sarcastic allusion, as I thought, to the approaching assumption by the Queen of the title of Empress of India, that seemed to imply, "Don't you think this imitation of our Emperor's recent action in Germany rather unnecessary and absurd?" That was the light in which many English politicians then viewed it; but Sir Salar Jung took the remark very simply, and without appearing to notice the smile that accompanied it, which after all may not have been so sardonic as my younger eyes imagined.

His visit to the King was not private in one sense, the rooms and corridors through which we passed being lined with entrancing uniforms of every description. The King standing near a window in a crowded room conversed with the Nawab for a few minutes through Major N. as interpreter (he told Sir Augustus Paget afterwards that he had never met an Englishman who spoke Italian

so well) and was altogether very gracious in spite of the Nawab having arrived ten minutes late. He had rather a trick of being a little behind time on state occasions, the notion in Hyderabad being that slavish punctuality was hardly conducive to dignity. This trick used to worry me a little in India where Government House officials are apt to frown on the Political who does not bring his charge up exactly at the appointed time, and hence I laboured to instil the idea that in Europe to keep a King waiting, even for a minute, was esteemed a crime. The King and his Court were so much impressed by Sir Salar Jung's distinguished appearance and by his suite (the Arab Jemadars being particularly noticed) that a visit to the Crown Prince and Princess (the present King and Queen) was invited, and I received a message that full dress on the part of the Oriental attendants was especially desired. It was amusing to see some of the great ladies surreptitiously pinch the gold-embroidered garment of one of the Jemadars to test its thickness, and all of them inspect the wearer and his companions with open-eyed curiosity. The artless questions I had then to answer, accompanied by an expressed wish to hear Hindustani spoken, prepared me for subsequent repetitions of the same performance in London, where even in the present day fashionable people are sometimes unaware that questions as to whether an Indian prince is married or unmarried, how many wives he has, and so forth, are as foreign to his ideas of etiquette as inquiries from him regarding their age, income, or position in society would be to theirs. We are getting on, however; in 1876 the spectacle of a Maharaja waltzing with an English lady would have been impossible.

For the presentation of the Nawab

and his suite to the Pope we were indebted to the kind offices and diplomacy of Archbishop Howard. It was a curious and striking scene. An Oriental statesman, versed in the art of being all things to all men, a strong supporter of law and order and public morality, in private life esteemed by his own countrymen an irreproachable follower of the Prophet, yet having no sympathy with bigotry or priestcraft, introduced to the splendours of the Vatican, with all the colours of the rainbow reflected in the variegated uniforms of Papal guards and the robes of cardinals and priests around a venerable and venerated figure in spotless white, representing a power in Christendom superior to that of any secular monarch! Archbishop Howard began the ceremony with a few explanatory words of courtly hyperbole regarding the distinguished visitor, whom the Holy Father welcomed most graciously, proffering thanks, among compliments, for the protection and assistance afforded to the sons of the Church in the Hyderabad State under Sir Salar Jung's liberal policy, and expressing a hope that such protection and assistance would be continued and extended in the future; to which the Nawab made what the reporters term a suitable reply through our spokesman and translator Major N., who, after presentation and due obeisance as the sole Roman Catholic of our party, proceeded to introduce the members of the suite to His Holiness. We, who were not entitled to the epithet *mio figlio* vouchsafed to Major N., stood forth and bowed respectfully, the Indians salaaming with hand as well as head and body after the manner of their country. One of the Arab Jemadars amused us by grasping the Pope's hand, as it was extended to return his salutation in like manner, and

shaking it warmly,—a greeting which called a slight flush and smile into Pio Nono's pale face and produced a gentle ripple all round the assembly.

But I must hurry on from this interesting ceremony and other incidents of that delightful visit to Rome, the Nawab's wonder at the glories of St. Peter's, the churches, palaces, statues, and picture-galleries, the attentions he received from the British Embassy and Roman aristocracy, the sensation he made, and the impressions he received. Want of space compels me also to leave unnoticed the days spent in Florence, Venice, and Milan, which added so greatly to his enjoyment of the beauties and hospitalities of Italy, and to make Paris the next point of observation.

Here occurred the one disaster of the tour, and one great enough to overshadow all that came after. On the day of Salar Jung's arrival at the Grand Hotel while he was ascending the staircase his heels slipped on the polished landing and he sat down heavily, as a man falls on the ice, before an arm could be stretched out to his assistance. I was close behind, but unfortunately too late. The Nawab's courage as he was carried to his room, and his own assurances, subsequently confirmed by his two private physicians, a French doctor who was summoned, and Surgeon-Major W., permitted us to hope that a violent contusion was the extent of his injury and that he would be up and about again in two or three days. It was not until the end of the month that, still helpless, he was carried to the train and conveyed by special steamer from Calais to Folkestone where he landed on June 1st and met with an official reception from the Mayor and Corporation.

In replying to the Mayor's address of welcome the Nawab said :

It affords me the highest interest and pleasure to carry out my long cherished desire to see this country, with which the family of my master, His Highness the Nizam, has been so closely connected during the past century. I can also claim an intimate association with some of the highest officers of the British Government, dating back as far as the year when my great grandfather, Mir Alam, on the part of the Nizam, proceeded to Calcutta to arrange with Lord Cornwallis the treaty and alliance for making the first war against Tippoo Sultan. You have alluded to the recent visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to India. I must ask your permission to add my assurance to your conviction on this subject, namely, that England and India are thereby knitted closer together in bonds of unity and peace. The opportunity afforded to the Princes and Nobles of the Native States to do honour to the Heir-Apparent of the British throne has been gladly and faithfully accepted wherever it was possible, and I can affirm the result is that this royal visit has very materially strengthened the affections and developed the feelings of the Native Princes and people of India to the British Crown and to the Empress of India. I shall ever pray for the prosperity of Great Britain and her Indian Empire.

Under the escort of the Duke of Sutherland and other English friends the Nawab then travelled to London, where he occupied for two months Lord Rosebery's house in Hamilton Place (now the Bachelors' Club) which had been taken for him. The Prince of Wales sent Sir James Paget and Mr. Prescott Hewett to attend to his injuries, and their examination discovered a fracture in a bone of the right thigh which necessitated splints and a long rest. This accident crippled the Nawab for the rest of his tour, and induced him, after two months of England, to give up his idea of visiting Berlin, Petersburg, Vienna, and Constantinople, and to return to India. Those two months, however, were one continued ovation. In spite of his being confined to, and

carried about in a specially constructed chair, he saw and did a great deal, winning golden opinions on all sides by the simplicity and charm of his manners. By the aid of crutches he was enabled to stand when invested at Oxford with the degree of Doctor of Civil Law, an honour shared in company with Sir William Mansfield (afterwards Lord Sandhurst), Matthew Arnold, and Canon Liddon, and appreciated as highly as he enjoyed the cheers and remarks of the undergraduates which accompanied it. On other great occasions also he was compelled to use crutches, notably on the presentation of the Freedom of the City of London at the Guildhall, an unprecedented honour for the Minister of a native Indian Ruler; but though he managed to pay his respects to the Queen at Windsor, to stay at Dunrobin Castle for a few days, and to see Edinburgh, his journeys by rail were curtailed by his accident, and he was obliged to decline invitations to Liverpool, Manchester, and other places. Deputations from various Associations were numerous; as were banquets, receptions, and other social gatherings, from those of Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, and Marlborough House to the entertainments given in his honour by the *elite* of London society. Some of England's most distinguished men were entertained at his own table; all classes, from the highest to the lowest, were anxious to see and welcome the man whom the newspapers hailed as having been chiefly instrumental in saving Southern India from revolt at the time of the great Mutiny.

It is not my purpose to retrace what everyone knew or heard at that time about this famous Indian nobleman so much as to record less known details within my own personal knowledge. I remember his surprise and pleasure at the cool green

tranquil beauty of the English landscape, without an acre of waste land; at English horses, cattle, and sheep; at the parks of London and the daily throng of handsome equipages; the traffic in the streets, the management of which is a constant wonder to foreigners; the miles of stately mansions occupied, as he thought, by rich noblemen whose names I was bound to know; the stupendous wealth of the world's greatest metropolis; the jewels he saw on the persons of English ladies, which he said outshone those of the East; the heat and discomfort of evening parties, which he compared to that of the Red Sea; the freedom accorded to the masses and their intelligent democratic independence; the business character of the people as a whole, contrasted with Paris, which, he observed, wore the aspect of a beautiful city of pleasure. In his comments regarding leading men there was only one of whom I ever heard him speak in tones of disappointment. Beyond inviting him to a grand reception at the Foreign Office held in honour of the Prince and Princess of Wales, Mr. Disraeli, the Premier, left him severely alone. "I thought you told me," he said to me, "that Mr. Disraeli was one of the cleverest men and best talkers in England." "He has that reputation," I replied; on which the Nawab innocently informed me that, though the Prince of Wales had introduced him and placed him next to the Prime Minister at dinner at Marlborough House the Sphinx had hardly opened his lips the whole time. I call this remark innocent because I knew that certain persons thought the Nawab's visit to England was not wholly unconnected with a political object which the Premier was not anxious to encourage. Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand (being then out of office), dined with the Nawab, and elicited his genuine



admiration so far that he went back to India more in sympathy with the Liberal than with the Conservative party. When I asked him what were the two things which had struck him most on his tour he answered: "It is difficult to say, but perhaps I should name the English man-of-war we saw in Bombay Harbour when the men were turned out for action and fired the guns, and Woolwich Arsenal."

What more can I tell of his sayings and doings without being considered tiresome or indiscreet? An enterprising modern reporter would have found many columns in his visiting-list, in the lavish display of flowers that adorned the exterior of his house; the burly detective in the hall, ever on guard to defend him from sharpers and extortionate tradesmen; the idiosyncracies of the various members of his household, from the Oriental Secretary who was always going to write an article for *THE NINETEENTH CENTURY* or *FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW* to the good-looking Philistine who discovered more to admire in Fortnum and Mason's shop and the Burlington Arcade than in Westminster Abbey and the National Gallery together; the box taken for him at the Opera where he never appeared (he resembled his countrymen in having no taste or ear for music), the theatres he rarely, if ever, visited; his portrait in the illustrated papers, which might have been described as follows:

His Excellency has a thoughtful face, of light complexion, which, but for the mouth and slightly projecting teeth, might almost be termed handsome. A small neat white turban crowns a head that would attract attention anywhere, in prince or peasant. Eyes beaming with benevolence and humour, always ready to smile, reflect the general tone of features which do not seem to know what sternness or ill-temper means. Children take to him instinctively, while a natural

air of distinction and chivalry lends a singular charm to manners marked by extreme simplicity. About five feet ten in height, his figure is neither spare nor stout, and is generally clad in a long black coat of cloth or velvet, close fitting and buttoned from throat to waist with ample skirts descending to a few inches of the ankle, &c.

Such details, if expanded as they might be, would take up more space than I can hope to be allowed; but I will venture to recall one or two incidents of the Nawab's social life in England which, as already stated, was restricted to two months, the first three weeks of which he was confined to his bed-room where I used to see him daily. Afterwards he would be carried down-stairs and drive in the Park and about the streets while he was in London.

At one of two big dinners he gave at his house, when the Prince of Wales sat on his right and the late Maharaja Dhuleep Singh on his left, he afforded several distinguished men, including the present Premier and late Leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, a view of an Eastern durbar with English surroundings. It was whispered that the Prince, just returned from his visit to India, prompted the spectacle. I remember being puzzled at seeing the guests crowded into a smaller room divided from the large drawing-room adjoining by closed doors, till presently on a given signal the latter were opened and the company passed through, headed by the Prince who took his seat at the further end of the room in a chair of state. The guests were seated in rows on his left while the Nawab and his followers from Hyderabad, ranged on the right, one by one formally walked up to His Royal Highness, bowed, and retired backwards after presenting their *nuzzers* which were touched and remitted, in official parlance; that is to say, the Prince merely laid a finger

on the gold coins (varying in number according to the rank of the person presented) placed on a small napkin in the open palm of each, instead of accepting the proffered present or tribute. A common enough sight in India, this little ceremony must have been unique in Piccadilly.

Another scene rises before me when Sir Salar Jung, wheeled into a room at a reception given by one of the first noblemen in the land, took the salutes of lords and ladies like a royal personage, instead of presenting a *nuzzer* in token of fealty. To see a duchess curtsey as she passed in front of him and ladies brought up to his chair and presented rather embarrassed his sense of politeness. When one, with a foreign accent, smilingly inquired if it was the custom in his country for ladies to be presented to gentlemen, he begged me to explain how much he regretted the position that made him the recipient of attentions at variance with his own wishes, and to which he had no title except through the courtesy extended to a helpless stranger. He had enjoyed real power too long to crave for empty show not his due. In this respect, as in others, his Arabian descent and innate modesty separated him from the ordinary Indian grandee. No one would have enjoyed more than he a story about William Pitt I read or heard somewhere many years ago, but which it is to be feared is not authentic, as I cannot find it in Lord Stanhope's or Lord Rosebery's books. It represented a noble mediocrity as assuring the great statesman with some condescension that he might fairly expect an earldom for his magnificent services. "I an Earl!" was the haughty reply; "I make Dukes."

"Why," I was asked more than once, "why is Sir Salar Jung hurrying back to India so soon and facing the Red Sea in August in his crippled

condition, when by staying a little longer his health and powers of locomotion would be greatly improved and he could see more of England and Europe according to his original intention?" The real answer to this question, though naturally suppressed, lay, I was told, in an urgent appeal for his return from the Nawab's zenana in Hyderabad, supported by others, who looked on his accident at Paris as an unlucky omen. No one with any knowledge of Eastern character can dismiss this idea as puerile, though Salar Jung was probably less subject to superstition than most of his compatriots.

On his return journey he had the opportunity, denied to him before, of seeing the principal sights of Paris, having Laurence Oliphant as a guide to the chief points of interest in the siege of 1871 and its history during that momentous period. Most of the suite had been sent back previously, thus enabling him to enjoy the comfort and discipline of a P. and O. steamer with only a few attendants. Though no epicure, the dinner-tables of London and Paris made him exclaim to me with a laugh the first day on board-ship, "How we shall hate the food at Hyderabad when we get back!" He had previously mooted the idea of taking a French cook back with him, but was induced to abandon it from fear that a Frenchman would not long remain to superintend his kitchen. The wish, however, bore fruit in the increased attention paid in after years to those Hyderabad banquets which Sir Salar Jung was the first to render famous in the eyes of European guests, whose praises had hitherto been chiefly confined to the excellence of his *pillaus* and curries.

My gossip has now run to its assigned limit, and must close with the sad reflection how few of my com-

panions on that journey to Europe are now alive! Sir Salar Jung was suddenly carried off by cholera at Hyderabad less than six years after it, at the age of fifty-six, to the grief of millions. Hyderabad, or indeed India, cannot expect to see his like again, for, though grateful admirers may have overdrawn his picture as a statesman and administrator, they cannot exaggerate his priceless services during the greater part of his long rule of nearly twenty-nine years. East or West, little men who receive favours from and tender counsel, interested or disinterested, to a great man are apt to invest him with colossal intellect and virtue when he follows their advice. This was at the bottom of the adulation in the Italian, French, and English newspapers which spoke of Salar Jung as a combination of Machiavelli, Richelieu, and Disraeli combined. It was much to his credit that he was never puffed up by it. His cleverness and tact, the enlightenment and liberality of his ideas, were as patent to those who knew him as his kind heart and sunny, cheerful disposition. They knew also how he shrank from inflicting pain, even at the demand of justice, or from hurting the feelings of the most humble dependant; how, though an Oriental, he disliked deceit, even when it appeared necessary to countermine opposition; how his patriotism desired the welfare of the Nizam's State more than his own, and left his family lakhs of debt at his death, instead of accumulated wealth. But more remarkable than any other of his gifts was a fascination of manner and bearing that attracted every one, young or old, and made all sorts and conditions of men regard him as greater than he really was outside Hyderabad. Whatever difference of opinion there may be about

this estimate of Sir Salar Jung, he was without doubt the most remarkable Indian subject of the Queen-Empress who has ever visited England.

I should have ended here without departing from the rule I began with, of not touching on any political incident of Sir Salar Jung's tour or career, though I am conscious that a limitation of this kind, coupled with a wish to avoid all risk of jarring the feelings of persons still living in England or India, has deprived these reminiscences of a few details that might have been deemed interesting—for an Oriental statesman, of any mark, apart from politics, is somewhat like a diamond without facets. But a brief infraction of this rule may perhaps be pardoned, since a letter has recently been made public in Mr. Thornton's Memoir of Sir Richard Meade in which Lord Lytton, referring to an infamous newspaper-attack on his old subordinate when Resident at Hyderabad, wrote to him these startling words:

The intrigues of Sir Salar Jung were regarded by me as the greatest danger to which the British power in India was exposed during my own Viceroyalty—a danger far greater than any which was involved in war or famine. That danger was imminent, and if the gravity of it remained unknown to the public and to Parliament, it is because it was unostentatiously but effectually averted, and its recurrence rendered impossible, by the skill and courage with which you most ably carried out your onerous instructions in dealing with it.

To be told on such authority that Salar Jung's intrigues were a great danger to the British power in India will come as a sudden shock to those who remember and admired him. With the utmost deference I cannot help thinking the statement overstrained. That Sir Salar Jung was

induced to sanction secret attempts to circumvent the authority of the Indian Government, by bringing outside influence to bear on it with a view to remove opposition to his own wishes in one or two important matters of state, is not to be denied; nor was it to be made light of by a Viceroy, whose first duty in the East is to govern. Yet I feel sure that the Hyderabad Minister would honestly have repudiated the slightest intention of disloyalty towards the Queen-Empress or her representative. He was probably induced to think that the latter might be converted to his views, or have his hand forced, through the advocacy of persons in high places and of the Press. This remark refers especially to the dominant idea of his later years, which was to secure the restoration of Berar, a province ceded by the Nizam to the British Government in 1854 for the maintenance of the Force known as the Hyderabad Contingent; an idea which attracted sympathy from Englishmen who could derive no personal benefit from it and whose loyalty to the Queen was beyond suspicion. He knew of course how apt all Governments are to overlook a staunch adherent in the desire to propitiate a possible opponent, and how efficacious a show of resistance or discontent often is. His visit to England and the attentions he received there as a political and social celebrity served, as was natural, to heighten the view he was entitled to take of his own services as indispensable to his own State and the Government of India, and unfortunately did not weaken the effect of the wretched counsel that tried to divide him from the

Resident at Hyderabad. To this counsel all, or most of his mistakes were due, and the pity of it was that it came from foreigners of English birth or education. They taught him for a time to distrust his responsible advisers, and to resort to intrigue when there was positively no necessity for it, he himself being the best advocate of his own claims and the most likely to obtain whatever the Government could give, while one or two of them were enough to discredit any cause, however just. Confidential communications between the Resident and the Minister were, I am afraid, shown to agents whose profits lay in disunion between the two, while disinterested sympathy was attracted by one-sided and inaccurate information calculated by its authors to fetter the Viceroy. But in all this Salar Jung was, I feel convinced, led away by bad advice, and cherished no desire incompatible in his own mind with sincere loyalty to the Paramount Power which he had done so much to sustain in 1857. It would be more difficult to defend one or two measures he took to strengthen his own position by weakening that of his chief rival at Hyderabad; measures which time has avenged to some extent by making a son of that rival the present Minister to the Nizam, while Salar Jung's own two sons and son-in-law have passed away. A young grandson remains to represent the famous Minister,—of whom it may justly be said that, whatever his mistakes, no statesman, with a like environment and possessed of equal power and control of the public purse, has left a whiter memory.

G. H. TREVOR.